

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

CHAPTER IX.

A BREACH.

"Give me good proofs of what you have alleged.
'Tis not enough to say, in such a bush
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast.
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep.
I'm fond of no man's person, but his virtue."
HENRY VI.

A CHANGE had seemed to come over my neighbors on the next street, during this visit that Wallace was making at home. His step-mother, he told us, had shown much more interest in his welfare during the latter part of his stay, than he had ever before received from her. As he began to talk of returning to school, she undertook a careful supervision of his wardrobe, taking special pains that every thing was made comfortable for his winter apparel. She had also, previous to this, fitted up a room for him, apart from that of his step-brother, telling him that perhaps he would like better to be by himself; and had attended personally to the arranging of his drawers and closets.

One evening, two or three weeks before the term was to commence, he brought in a couple of finely-bound volumes of *Travels*, which he had received as a present from Mrs. Heber, and showed them to us. There was a curious design on the cover, in which a pair of horses were the prominent object. The children were examining and remarking upon them, when Jamie said they were *good* horses.

"Yes," said Wallace, "they are good horses — draught horses."

"Why, no!" said Hartson, look-

ing over his shoulder. "I should not call them draught horses. They are too slight for that. They are more like race horses."

"Strong or slight, they are draught horses to me," said Wallace. "They draw something."

Jamie bent over, and looked intently at the picture, to see if any thing was attached to the horses, which they might be said to draw; but Hartson looked into Wallace's face for an explanation of his remark.

"What do you mean?" said he; "you always have some queer thing in your head."

"I mean that they will draw something," replied Wallace. "They come from a person who never buys horses for nothing — at least not for me. This isn't the end of my present of *Travels*, there is something coming after them."

"I hope it will be something good, Wallace," said Ellen, laughing.

"I should like to hope so too," said Wallace; "but we can not expect every thing good in this world, so I will enjoy my new books, and take whatever comes, for the rest."

The days passed away, and Wallace's *draught horses* were well-nigh forgotten, when one day, we missed him from our morning-reading. It was the first time he had failed to be with us, and we wondered at his absence; but the hour passed away, and still he did not come.

After dinner, the children went out for a ramble in the fresh air, and I was sitting by myself in the parlor,

when the gate opened, and Mr. Heber came up the walk. His face was very pale, and he seemed to me, to falter in his step. My first thought was that some accident had befallen Wallace, and I answered his ring in person; but he entered without any remark — scarcely answering my salutation, and seated himself, hat in hand, in the parlor. I offered to take his hat, but he did not notice me, and after waiting a moment for him to speak, I said, "Wallace was not with us at our hour for reading this morning."

"No, ma'am — no!" he said absently.

"I hope he is not ill."

"No, ma'am, no, no."

"Something has happened," said I, alarmed at his manner, and endeavoring to arouse him. "Where is Wallace?"

"He — he — he's in jail, ma'am — in jail!" said Mr. Heber, while his lips grew of a livid whiteness.

"In jail, sir!" I exclaimed, starting toward him, for I thought at first that he would fall. "What has he done?"

"He has — he — they think he has stolen a sum of money — broken open my desk, and taken a sum of money. In fact, some of it was found pasted inside his slipper."

"And you have arrested him — your own son, and sent him to jail?"

"No, ma'am, no! I was gone," said he, apparently recalled more fully to himself by the implied accusation. "I have been away, and returned only this morning. Mrs. Heber had him arrested. The money was hers — a quarterly payment that she was to have received the day before yesterday. When she called for it at the office yesterday, it was gone. Wallace tells me he was with you all day, day before yesterday. That was the time the money must have been taken."

"Yes, he was here from our reading-hour, until half-past eight in the evening. They were building an arbor at the foot of the garden, and he assisted them."

"Half-past eight!" said Mr. Heber, shaking his head sorrowfully. "It was done in the evening they tell me. There was time after that."

"But you can not think Wallace did it," said I.

"Oh, no!" he groaned out; "but a number were present when the money was found in his slipper. I was in hopes he could show where he was, up to the time when the office closes. Mrs. Heber is sure he took it. She thinks he is an old offender."

I remembered the acknowledgment he had made of taking smaller sums, and could make no reply to this. "Wallace denies it?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly — he seems very much broken down about it."

"When was he arrested?"

"Last evening."

"Will you leave him in jail?"

"Not by any means. But the affair has been made public, and much mischief has been done. If I had been at home, I could have saved much of it."

"I must see him," said I.

"Will you see him? — I shall be very glad. I have to go below here for fifteen or twenty minutes, and will take you up in my carriage when I return, if you please. I go directly back."

I found Wallace much wounded by what had happened, but still proudly defiant. He had never before, as he had told us, made any complaint to his father of the treatment of his step-mother; but now the long pent torrent of accusation was broken loose, and there was no stint in the opprobrium that he heaped upon her; casting upon her the whole blame in this matter, as a plot between herself and Robert.

To all this Mr. Heber, crushed as he was, could only answer reproachfully, "My son! my son!"

"You know nothing of it, sir," said Wallace vehemently. "I have borne every thing — every thing, and would not trouble you with it, but this was too much — she will find that it was one blow too much."

"Wallace! Wallace!" said Mr. Heber in much distress. "So long as you can not establish your own innocence, such language is very improper."

"My own innocence!" cried Wallace. "They have looked to it that I should not be able to establish my own innocence. You know that I am innocent, don't you, Mrs. Mills?" and he looked imploringly at me, and clasped both my hands in his.

"I hope so, Wallace," I replied.

"Oh! don't tell me you *hope* so. I am sure you can not believe this. I know I have done a great many bad things," and he hung his head; "but I never could have done such a thing as this — never. And since you have trusted me so much too. It is a wicked plot."

"Where did you go on leaving us Wednesday evening?" I asked.

"I went to the office and wrote a letter for Charley, and then went directly home and to bed."

"Who is Charley?"

"A policeman," said Wallace, blushing. "His beat is on our street."

"One of your 'ball and alley friends?'" I asked.

"Well," said Wallace, "it was from having ball and alley friends that I came to know him. But Charley is a pretty good fellow — always steady, and he used to tell me it was bad to be out late nights when he found me coming home at improper hours."

"Why were you writing a letter for him?"

"He can't write, and he has a sweetheart somewhere. He had been teasing me about the letter for a day or two, and I had promised to write it."

"You say his beat is on your street?"

"Yes, but he went up to the office with me. It was early for him to be on his beat."

"Did he go into the office with you?"

"No, he waited outside; and when

I came out, I gave him the letter, and we went down together as far as G. . . . street."

Mr. Heber had listened intently to the first part of this conversation, but before it closed, a sound of voices approached the apartment where we were, and I withdrew with Wallace to a dim corner, while Mr. Heber went toward the door to see who was coming. It was Mrs. Heber, who entered with much excitement, and exclaimed on seeing her husband, "I told you that I wished to come down, and here you have kept me waiting for an hour, and come at last without me. You pay no attention to my wishes. I shall protest against having the young man removed from this place, until the rest of the money is found. I have endured every thing that a woman could endure from that child, and it is only spoiling him, and ruining yourself to shield him from justice any longer." At this moment, she discovered my presence in the room, and with the distant salutation she gave, her manner underwent an entire change.

"It is a very sad affair," she said, approaching me, "and I am sure it is more distressing to me than any one; but I have long known that he would be guilty of small thefts, and now I think I have done wrong in concealing it from his father, but I am sure my motives were good."

I could not but think she quailed a little as she said this, beneath the keen look with which Wallace was searching her through and through; but she still retained that meek, submissive look, which her son was accustomed to wear, only she wore it more gracefully than he.

We were now again interrupted by a new addition to our party, for some officers who had been to make another examination of Wallace's room, together with Robert Ford, and my own son Hartson, made their appearance.

"Have you found the money?" asked Mrs. Heber.

The officer shook his head. "You will not tell us where this money is," said he to Wallace.

"I tell you I know nothing about it," said Wallace angrily.

"You will never find out any thing from him," said Mrs. Heber. "I am acquainted with the boy. Did you take up the carpet?"

"No, ma'am. But there can be no sum of money under the carpet. We examined it thoroughly."

"It must be in that room," said Mrs. Heber. "He had no time to conceal it anywhere else."

"You say the accountant would know the bills," said the officer.

"He tells me he should know most of them," said Mr. Heber.

I had, in the meantime, approached Hartson, and asked of him the reason of his appearance there.

"I knew you were here," he replied, "and thought that I might come. I have been with them to search for the money."

"It was a strange place for you, my son."

"Yes, mamma; but I heard all about it while we were out, and found what they were going to do, and I wanted to go. If it had been any body but Wallace, I shouldn't have cared." He gave this explanation with his ears wide open to what was going on among the rest of the party, and now seated himself a-tilt on the corner of a box, and watched every one in the room with the same air, that always from his birth had inclined me to call him "my irrepressible."

"At all events, he can not leave here until the money is found," said Mrs. Heber defiantly to her husband. "I shall protest against it."

"I believe your protest is subject to mine," said Mr. Heber politely.

"Oh! is it?" said she, with a whole set of tiger claws flashing out from under the soft, purring look about her eyelids, and instantly withdrawn again.

"I think there is no use of further

search in his room," said the officer; "unless some other clue can be given, we must let the matter rest."

"If you please, sir, I would like to testify," said Hartson.

"We are not examining witnesses, my lad," said the officer, looking curiously at him. "But what do you know about this affair?"

"I do n't know any thing for certain," said Hartson; "but I guess I could tell you where the money is."

"Perhaps you helped in this affair," said Mrs. Heber sharply.

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps it was somebody else," said Hartson, with a curl of the lips, that would have rolled itself into a whistle if it had dared.

"Well, where do you think it is?" said the officer.

"I guess it's in Wallace's room. There's a coat there that Robert was dreadful uneasy about all the while you were searching. I do n't believe he would have acted so fidgetty about it, if there was n't something in it."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Robert fiercely, but with a visible whitening of the lips.

"I mean that I am, most as anxious to have that coat examined thoroughly, as you were half an hour ago," said Hartson.

"What coat was it?" said the officer.

"The one Robert handed to you soon after you went in. He said perhaps it was in that, and you examined it and said there was nothing there, and laid it down on a chair, and pretty soon Robert took it up again, and handed it to the other officer and said perhaps it was in that, and he examined it and did n't find any thing, and laid it down on the chair again, and then I sat down on it; but it was just like putting nettles in Robert's clothes to have me sit there. He tried every way to make me get up, but the more he wanted me to get up the more I felt like sitting still. And then, just as you were coming away, he pulled it out from under me, and said here

was a coat that had n't been examined, and gave it to you again. But you just looked it over, and said you had examined that before, and so he came away with us as if he were very little satisfied with the search."

"You would make a good officer," said the man, smiling grimly. "I believe it's just as you say about the coat being handed to us two or three times, and perhaps we had better go back and take another look; but I don't think we shall find the money there. I am not in the habit of having things slip through my fingers in that way. If we find it, I shall think I ought to give you my place."

"No, thank you," said Hartson. "As soon as I heard of the affair, I knew you had caught the wrong thief, and so I was on the look-out."

"What coat was it, Hartson?" asked Wallace, who had listened eagerly to this conversation.

"It was an over-coat — a new one I should think."

"Oh, yes, I dare say! A good reason you had to wish that I should be provided with a warm winter over-coat," he said, addressing Mrs. Heber. "The slippers, too, were a suggestion of yours."

"Let us leave this place, Robert," said Mrs. Heber, casting the tiger's claws fearfully at Hartson, and sweeping her broad silks toward the door.

"I beg pardon, madam," said the officer; "the young man had better return with us."

"We will all return together," said Mr. Heber. "Here are the papers for Wallace's release," and he took them from the person who had entered with them, Mrs. Heber making now no further remonstrance.

As we descended the stairs, I suggested to Mr. Heber, the propriety of looking up Charley the policeman, and ascertaining whether he could throw any further light upon Wallace's proceedings while at the office on the night when the theft took place. He replied languidly, that it might be more satisfactory to see him, though he

should allow no further public investigation of the matter. It had made noise enough as it was, and was equally distressing, whether we took the view of it which Mrs. Heber had taken, or that which Wallace's accusations pointed out. Would I accompany them in their search, he asked, or should he set me down at my own door on their way back. Neither, I would return alone, if he would bring Hartson back to me when the search was concluded.

To this he assented, and half an hour after, they returned with the intelligence that the money had been found stitched into the collar of the over-coat. The lining of the collar had been ripped up with a pen-knife, and sewed neatly back into its place when the money had been inserted.

"Can Wallace sew?" was the first question for the officer to ask.

"Not much," said Hartson; "he tried to sew some cloth together for an awning to the arbor-door Wednesday, but was so awkward about it, that I had to finish it."

"Perhaps you did this?" said Mrs. Heber tauntingly.

"If I could crawl through key-holes, or get in at the cracks of windows, it might not have been impossible," said Hartson; "but the book-keeper says that the money was in the desk Wednesday evening, and unless I can be in two places at a time, I have had no chance of getting here since then."

Mr. Heber was about leaving after bringing Hartson home, and informing me that the money was found, when Wallace came in with the policeman of whom he had been in search.

"If you will only have confidence in me, Mrs. Mills, I don't care much for the rest. I brought Charley here so that you could ask him about that night."

I went into the hall where Wallace had given Charley a seat, and spoke to him. "Wallace tells me that he wrote a letter for you Wednesday evening," said I.

"Wednesday evening is it, and so he did," said Charley.

"I would like to have you tell me all you know about what Wallace did at the office that night."

"Sure, I know all about it," said Charley. "The boy had told me he'd be writing my letter for me, so I watched for him back and forth in front of his house till nigh on to nine o'clock, and he did n't come out, but just as I was going past G. . . . street, he give me a slap on the shoulders, and said he was going to the office to write it then, and I walked along with him till we came to the office, and then told him I'd wait for him outside. So he went down the lighted office till he came to the desk in the little box there, then he tossed off his cap and sat down to write, and sez I to myself, I'll go round to the winder there and see how the chap looks while he's writing me letter, to be sure that he puts the right things in it. So I went round between the brick walls, and stood looking at him, and seeing him dip the pen in the ink and write on fast-like, smiling to himself all the time. And at last, when the letter was done, he took up the box that has the dust in it, and dashed it over the paper, and shook it off, and folded it up as nate as a pin, and put on his cap, and I slipped down between the walls, and met him at the door."

"Did you, Charley?—did you go up to the window to watch me write?" said Wallace triumphantly.

"Sure I did," said Charley.

"Then you could not have had your eye off me two minutes while I was there."

"Not the half of a minute, my boy."

"Well, did I go into the little room on the other side of the office, or anywhere near it?"

"Not a step out of your track to the box by the window, and back again."

"Are you sure of this?" I asked.

"Sure as I'm breathing, ma'am," said Charley.

"Had you talked with him about this before?" said I to Wallace.

"No, ma'am. I waited for you to question him."

"You say you were waiting for Wallace in front of his own house that night?"

"Yes, ma'am; there was a light in his room, and I thought he'd be coming out directly."

"A light in my room, Charley? there was no light in my room till after I went home from the office that night."

"Sure there was a light in your room as early as eight o'clock that evening."

"That can't be," said Wallace; "I was over here, and had the key in my pocket. Do you know which my room is, Charley?"

"Sure, do n't I know every room on the street? Haven't I seen you come in there many a night with a light and draw the curtains?"

"We will go over, and tell your mother of this, Wallace," said Mr. Heber.

"It is no use going to her with it," said Wallace.

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Heber, fidgeting with the head of his cane; "but it is useless to make further inquiry. We know enough."

"Yes, enough, unless it's pleasanter for you to know," said Wallace softly, and bidding me a sorrowful good-bye, he went with his father.

The next day, I learned that Mrs. Heber, on seeing the turn the affair had taken, had refused to live in the same house with Wallace, and that his father had been forced to find him a boarding place at a hotel. On learning this, I wrote a note immediately to Mr. Heber, requesting that Wallace might spend the few remaining days of his vacation with us; and thus it chanced that we had him for an inmate of our house, until the time for his school-term to commence.

(To be concluded.)

OUR CHARLEY.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WHEN the blaze of the wood-fire flickers up and down in our snug evening parlor, there dances upon the wall a little shadow with a pug nose, a domestic shadow—a busy shadow—a restless specimen of perpetual motion; and the owner thereof is "*Our Charley*."

Now we should not write about him and his ways, if he were strictly a peculiar and individual existence of our own home-circle, but it is not so. "*Our Charley*" exists in a thousand, nay, a million families; he has existed in millions in all time back; his name is variously rendered in all the tongues of the earth; nay, there are a thousand synonyms for him in English—for, indisputably, "*our Willie*," or "*our Harry*," or "*our Georgie*," belongs to the same snub-nosed, rosy-cheeked, restless shadow-maker. So in France, he is "*Leonce*," or "*Pierre*," as well as "*Charle*;" in Italy, he is "*Coarlino*," or "*Francisco*;" in German, "*Max*," or "*Wilhelm*;" and in Chinese, he is little "*Ling-Fung*," with a long silk tail on the back of his head, but the same household sprite among them all; in short, we take "*Our Charley*" in a generic sense, and we mean to treat him as a miniature epitome of the grown man—enacting in a shadowy ballot by the fire-side, all that men act in earnest in after-life. He is a looking-glass for grown people, in which they may see how certain things become them—in which they may sometimes even see streaks and gleamings of something wiser than all the harsh conflict of life teaches them.

"*Our Charley*" is generally considered by the world, as an idle little dog, whose pursuits, being very consequent, may be put off, or put by for every and anybody; but the world, as usual, is very much mistaken. No man is more pressed with business, and needs more prudence, energy, tact, and courage, to carry out his

schemes, in face of all opposing circumstances that grown people constantly throw in his way. Has he not ships to build, and to sail? and has he not vast engineerings to make ponds and docks in every puddle or brook where they shall lie at anchor? Is not his pocket stuffed with materials for sails and cordage? And yet, like a man of the world as he is, this does not content him, but he must own railroad-stock too. If he lives where a steam-whistle has vibrated, it has awakened an unquiet yearning within him, and some day he harnesses all the chairs into a train, and makes a locomotive of your work-table, and steam-whistle of himself. He inspects toy-shop windows, gets up flirtations with benevolent shopmen; and when he gets his mouth close to papa's ear, reveals to him how Mr. So-and-so has a locomotive that will wind up and go alone—so cheap too—can't papa get it for him? And so papa (all papas do) goes soberly down and buys it, though he knows it will be broken in a week. Then what raptures! The dear locomotive! the darling black chimney sleeps under his pillow that he may feel of it in the night, and be sure when he first wakes, that the joy is not evaporated. He bores everybody to death with it, as artlessly as grown people do with their hobbies, but at last the ardor runs out. His darling is found to have faults. He picks it to pieces, to make it work better; finds too late that he can't put it together again; and so he casts it aside, and makes a locomotive out of a broken wheel-barrow and some barrel staves.

Do you, my brother, or grown up sister, ever do any thing like this? Do your friendships and loves ever go the course of "*Our Charley's*" toy? First, enthusiasm; second, satiety; third, discontent; then picking to pieces; then dropping and losing? How many idols are in your box of by-gone playthings? And may it not be as well to suggest to you, when you find flaws in your next one,

to inquire before you pick to pieces, whether you can put together again, or whether, what you call defect, is not a part of its nature. A tin locomotive won't draw a string of parlor chairs, by any possible alteration, but may be very pretty for all it was made for. Charley and you, might both learn something from this.

Charley's business career, as we have before intimated, has its trials. It is hard for him to find time for it; so many impertinent interruptions. For instance, there are four hours of school, taken out of the best part of the day; four mortal hours, in which he might make ships, or build dams, or run railroad cars, he is obliged to leave all his affairs, often in very precarious situations, and go through the useless ceremony of reading and spelling. When he comes home, the housemaid has swept his foremast into the fire, and mamma has put his top-sails into the rag-bag, and all his affairs are in a desperate situation. Sometimes he gets terribly misanthropic; all grown people seem conspiring against him; he is called away from his serious avocations so often, and his attention distracted with such irrelevant matters, that he is indignant. He is rushing through the passage in hot haste, hands full of nails, strings, and twine, and Mary seizes him and wants to brush his hair; he is interrupted in a burst of enthusiasm, and told to wash his hands for dinner! or, perhaps, a greater horror than all, company is expected, and he must put on a new clean suit, just as he has made the arrangements for a ship-launching down by the swamp. This dressing and washing, he regards with unutterable contempt and disgust; secretly, too, he is skeptical about the advantages of going to school and learning to read; he believes, to be sure, when papa and mamma tells him of unknown future advantages to come when he is a "great man," but then, the present he is sure of; his ships and sloops; his bits of string, and fish-hooks, and old corks, and broken

railroad cars, and, above all, his new skates; these are realities. And he knows also, what Tom White and Bill Smith say; and so he walks by sight more than by faith.

Ah, the child is father of the man! When he gets older, he will have the great toys of which these are emblems; he will believe in what he sees and touches—in house, land, railroad stock—he will believe in these earnestly and really, and in his eternal manhood, nominally and partially. And when his Father's messengers meet him, and face him about, and take him off his darling pursuits, and sweep his big ships into the fire, and crush his full-grown cars, the grown man will complain and murmur, and wonder as the little man does now. The Father wants the future, the child the present, all through life, till death makes the child a man.

So, though "Our Charley" has his infirmities, he is a little bit of a Christian after all. Like you, brother, he has his good hours, when he sits still and calm, and is told of Jesus; and his cheeks glow, and tears come to his eyes; his bosom heaves; and now he is sure he is going to be always good; he is never going to be naughty. He will stand still to have his hair combed; he will come the first time mother speaks; he will never speak a cross word to Katy; he repents of having tyrannized over grandma, and made poor mamma's head ache; and is quite sure that he has now got the victory over all sin. Like the Israelites by the Red Sea, he beholds his spiritual enemies dead on the sea-shore. But to-morrow, in one hour even, what becomes of his good resolutions? What becomes of yours on Monday?

With all "Our Charley's" backslidings, he may teach us one thing which we have forgotten. When Jesus would teach His disciples what *faith* was, He took a child and set him in the midst of them. We do not presume that this child was one of those exceptional ones, who have

memoirs written, but a common average child, with its smiles and tears, its little naughtinesses and goodnesses, and its aptness as an example, was not in virtue of an exceptional, but a universal quality. If you want to study faith, go to school to "*your* Charley." See his faith in you. Does he not believe that you have boundless wealth, boundless wisdom, infinite strength? Is he not certain of your love to that degree, that he can not be repelled from you? Does he hesitate to question you on any thing celestial and terrestrial? Is not your word enough to outweigh that of the wisest of the earth? You might talk him out of the sight of his eyes, the hearing of his ears, so boundless is his faith in you. Even checks and frowns can not make him doubt your love; and though sometimes, when you cross him, the naughty, murmuring spirit arises, yet in an hour it dissolves, and his little soul flows back, prattling and happy into your bosom. Be only to God as he is to you, and the fire-side shadow shall not have been by your hearth in vain.—*The Independent*.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

STRONG and serious objections are urged against the theater, ball-room, and other sources of amusement, and among the most prominent of these objections, is their tendency to dissipate the mind, rendering it unfit for sober reflection, and a preparation for the vast interests of eternity. Yet, how few seem to realize that this is very essentially true relative to the frivolous literature of the present day. On the contrary, it is encouraged and disseminated by those very individuals who profess to regard future interests paramount to every other, and who are loud in their protests against vain amusements. While they would by no means, allow their families to attend any of the resorts of pleasure-

seekers, yet this pernicious trash, in the form of literary entertainment, is freely granted them.

It takes a prominent place in the drawing-room, and elsewhere around the family hearth-stone, while few, if any of our genuine Christian works, are to be seen. And, how rapidly this source of evil is increasing. The fictitious works that are scattered broad-cast over our land, are constantly accumulating. New talent is springing up, and being drawn into this channel, inasmuch as that which meets the popular favor, is more sure to partake of its bounty.

Periodicals are multiplied almost ad infinitum, and being presented at a low price, are made accessible to all. Adorned with engravings and fashion-plates, they are rendered peculiarly attractive to the young; while their fancy tales do not fail to inspire them with a taste for the imaginative, to the detriment of sober thought, and an interest in the real and truthful of life.

Novelettes "to be continued," create in the mind a longing for the arrival of each weekly, or monthly, which is hailed with a welcome worthy of better things. The duties of life and health are not unfrequently forgotten, and many a midnight hour is consumed in winding through the mazy labyrinths of a highly exciting romance. Is it not time that Christians awake to this subject? There is no dearth of suitable reading-matter in our land. Gifted and sanctified minds have been, and are still being employed in preparing varied works, that meet the demand of every faculty, so that one may be in all respects thoroughly furnished.

There are magazines, too, though comparatively few, we acknowledge, that are worthy a place in the drawing-room of every family. They are arranged with taste, and well-filled not only with that which is useful and instructive, but that also which is highly interesting to the youthful mind. Fancy sketches from which

are adduced morals of an elevating tendency, as well as scenes in real life, are presented in a way that can not fail to awaken interest, while the influence left upon the mind is salutary and permanent. How important then, that such should be encouraged and disseminated by those, at least, who profess to be governed by gospel principles, while that which may be denominated fashionable literature, should be utterly discarded by them.

EMMA WINTER'S VISIT.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

A FEW years ago, "Smith's Corners" boasted in addition to its post-office, store, and wagon-shop, a select school under the supervision of Mr. Mercer, an expelled freshman from a neighboring college. His patrons supposed he taught to obtain funds, but on longer acquaintance, they found that his moral character was suffering quite as much of a dearth as his purse; but as gossip was the staple commodity of Smith's Corners, the collegiate's character proved to be material much appreciated and closely used.

Connected with Mr. Mercer's school, were two young misses, Grace Henderson and Emma Winters, who lived half a mile from the Corners. Wending their way to school one summer morning quite leisurely, Grace, who always patronized what she called "fun," stopped short as they came opposite an old, wood-colored house, and exclaimed, "Oh, Em! do see Granny Hale—what a good subject for a fashion-plate—where's my sketching-paper? she must be 'taken,'" and fumbling through her portfolio, she brought out the desired paper.

"Don't, Grace," said Emma; "I know she thinks you are laughing at her—poor old woman, how can you—come, let's hurry on, for it's near school-time."

"No, not till I take the outlines at

least; I shall tell Mr. Mercer I came across a beautiful figure, and could not forego the pleasure of sketching it, and he's so merciful. I'll risk the tardy mark—at all events, he'll laugh to see the picture."

Emma's hazel eyes spake her disapproval, but warding off their language, Grace added sympathetically, "You haven't any excuse, have you, Em? but never mind, I'll get up one that Mr. Merciful will accept, trust my wit for that."

"What an easel!" said Grace, half-angrily, as her portfolio and drawings slid down the bank at her side; in attempting to save which, her temporary seat gave way, and like Gill in the juvenile story, she "went tumbling after."

Emma who had passed on, hastened back to the rescue, saying, with ill-concealed mirth, "The way of the transgressor is hard, isn't it, Grace?"

"You seem to feel quite grieved about it," said Grace, brushing the gravel from her mouth and hands.

"I was thinking I should like to 'take a sketch, or the outlines at least,'" was Emma's reply, as she gathered up the scattered drawings, and otherwise helped to repair the injuries received.

The manners of Grace, had never won very largely upon the old people's affections, and the year before, a little barrier came up between them, which Grace with all her audacity, had not dared overstep.

At one time, she had borrowed Mrs. Hale's "best bonnet for her dear grandmother to try on, as she wanted one made just like it;" it was tied up carefully in a spacious pouncee handkerchief, the old lady telling her it could "be kept as long as they wanted it, for the damp weather was bringing on her rheumatiz, and 't was n't like she should go to meetin' Sunday."

The bonnet completed Grace's antiquated toilet, which with a half-bent posture, and a blue cotton umbrella, ignored all identity with Grace

Henderson. Grace made her round of calls at the Corners with good success; on her way home, she stopped at a near neighbor of Mrs. Hale's, and there found the owner of the bonnet getting an antidote for the rheumatic pains before referred to. Suffice to say, Grace went home quite erect, with no covering for her head, but the said umbrella.

Unlike Grace, Emma found great pleasure in the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Hale. True, they belonged to a generation mostly beyond the river, their virtues were stern and unyielding, and their manners somewhat reserved and reticent; but underneath were warm hearts, and an experience as rich and varied as the impulses were noble which had given it birth.

The old people lived quite alone; they were supported by a yearly pension which was well lengthened out by that economy and simplicity which was a necessity of the fathers. Speaking of the comforts and luxuries which even the poorest may possess, the Captain would shake his head ominously and say, "It was so with ancient Rome — her sons and daughters grew effeminate just as they yielded to the seductions of wealth, and a train of evils set to work, which resulted in her overthrow."

Captain Hale had reached his eighty-eighth year; he loved to talk of the past, for his history was deeply wrought with the struggles of our beloved country. He remembered a time, when the name of Captain Hale inspired a band of minute-men with the surety of success; and as the old man sat in his chair and slept on a summer day, brave soldiers would gather around him, martial music regale his senses, and grasping his staff, he would awake to find it "all a dream."

Emma Winters loved to sit in one of the high-backed chairs in that little room, and listen to past events from the lips of a historian who witnessed what he narrated.

"Let me see, Emma, I must tell you about the time they captured Major Andre," said Mr. Hale, on the afternoon of the day previously mentioned, when Emma, who had brought in some rarity for their supper-table, and sat down at her favorite window. Mr. Hale went to the mantle and filled his pipe; Emma took out her knitting, Mrs. Hale "tidied up" a little, hung over the tea-kettle, and sat down also with her knitting.

"I have been thinking to-day," said the Captain, after two or three vigorous whiffs from his pipe, "of the gloom of that night when the scoundrel Arnold betrayed his country. A little before this, Washington had determined to attack New York where Sir Henry Clinton and his troops were established, but the supplies from England prevented. Our armies, too, had been defeated at the south, and disappointment hung over the north."

"At this time, Arnold managed to get command at West Point, the most important station we had, that he might betray it into the hands of the enemy, opening at the time a correspondence with Clinton to that effect. So Andre, a handsome young general, came up the North river — what you call the Hudson now, and held an interview with Arnold near the American lines. 'The Vulture,' that was the sloop-of-war he came up on, was compelled to move down the river while he was gone, and Arnold, afraid of any delay, gave him a fine horse, a pass, and surtout to hide his regimentals, and he started back under the name of 'Anderson.' He passed by several guards well enough, but the last looked straight through his disguise. Three brave men were on guard, who, as Andre rode up, ordered him to dismount."

"I am on important business," said he, "and must not be detained."

"How's that?" said one of the men.

"Where are you from?" returned Andre.

"'From below,' was the reply.

"Supposing they meant New York, he answered, 'So am I,' and would have rode on, but 'Wait till you are searched, sir,' was the 'straight gate' which every redcoat had to walk through. He didn't make any resistance till they came to his boots, and in them was found a description of the works at the Point, the strong garrison and so on, by Arnold.

"He offered them a purse bloated with British guineas, if they would let him pass on, but in the noble spirit of patriotism, they replied, '*We are true to our country.*' In vain he plead, in vain he thought to find another Arnold, for with the same decided earnestness they repeated, '*We are true to our country.*'

"Arnold soon heard of the capture, and he made a pretense to go across the river; when about the middle of the stream, he held up a loaded pistol to the boatmen, and ordered them to row him to the Vulture, or they would be dead men. So that was the way he made his escape.

"Andre showed a noble mind during his imprisonment; he confessed all that related to himself, but nothing of those implicated with him. If Arnold could have been caught — for you see the British now despised him — Andre might have been released. Letters of entreaty and threatening poured in upon Washington, and Andre himself prayed for an interview with his excellency, for you see they were both Freemasons, and the poor prisoner thought if they could meet, Washington's heart might be moved to pardon; his excellency feared it might too, and so refused to see him. He was hung near where they captured him, and displayed great composure and fortitude in his death."

Here Mrs. Hale laid down her knitting, and wiped her eyes, as if they dwelt on the scene of Andre's death; "For," said she, "we did pity him so, if he was a tory."

"In what year was this?" asked Emma.

"In 1780 — that's right, Emmy, remember the dates."

"Our blessed gospel teaches charity," continued Mr. Hale, shaking the cinders from his pipe; "and after so many years have gone by, it is comparatively easy to bury the hatchet. It was chiefly through Arnold's agency, that the victory was gained over Burgoyne at Saratoga, while the commanding general received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal, and he (Arnold) was not even mentioned in the official dispatches. This, and some ill-will toward Washington, first planted the seeds of treason in his mind. Besides, he had got deeply in debt at Philadelphia from his extravagant style of living, and wanted, I suppose, some British gold to pay the debts."

Reviewing the past, Captain Hale felt all the ardor of youth; rising and filling his pipe, he seated himself again.

"I tell you, Emmy," said he, "it kindles my wrath to see these blood-bought privileges treated so lightly, and I am sick of a good share of the young men and women of the present generation; what do they know of their country's history? two-thirds of them had rather read some flimsy trash of the day; I should like to know what they would have been worth in wartime—why, 'there were giants in those days;' I remember when our armies, thin and weak, held up the cause of freedom, and multitudes came forth to the call — the valiant sons of New York, the daring Green Mountain boys, and the hardy yeomanry of other states. The husband tore himself away with the cries of wife and children sounding in his ear, lovers met and parted; '*America must be free,*' was the language of every lip, and to this end the people pledged their all. We believed that God was on our side, and then there was this intense feeling of patriotism which placed us above fear of death—which led us to exclaim with noble Joseph Warren when he fell on Bunker Hill, 'It is

sacred and glorious to die for my country.'

"There was another time when the patriot's zeal was tested. Our troops were at winter-quarters in Morristown, New Jersey, at the close of the year '80. They were in a ragged and almost starving condition—not on account of poverty, for the crops had been abundant, and met the wants of the people; but Congress was too lax in its efforts for the support of her troops. Then Clinton sent out spies, offering great rewards for any who would join his army; they were in a poor condition, but such as they were, the king of England could not buy a man of them.

"Ah! independence was a great subject for a few men to grasp in the face of such fierce opposition; but the fervid eloquence of James Otis electrified the people; the brilliant appeals of Patrick Henry were equally powerful, and his words 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' were echoed from tongue to tongue. John Adams, prudent and less impulsive, but decided and thoroughly aroused, gave his heart and hand to the work.'

"Well, after seven long years, their helps were realized; and then, what an incense of gratitude went up to Heaven; every heart was an altar of praise, and a song of thanksgiving, like that which Israel sung upon the shores of the Red Sea, ascended to Him who had given the victory. Mothers taught children at the knee, the story of redeemed America, and the virtues of her fallen heroes were written in song, and repeated at every fireside. Washington was now the theme of eulogy at home and abroad. From his peculiar policy, being dilatory or hasty, as the occasion dictated, he was termed the American Fabius—but he was more; the Romans called Fabius their shield, and Marcellus their sword, but Washington was both the shield and sword of his country; and then, I don't believe his excellency would have been scared

by Hannibal's oxen, if they were lit up in the night."

Other reminiscences followed; then Mrs. Hale laid by her knitting, declared her "tea-kettle was off the boil," which was remedied in time for the subsequent arrangements, which they all sat down to enjoy.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

(See Steel Plate.)

THE clouds of yester's stormy night
Have melted down the sky,
And azure tinged, and fleecy white,
In soft repose they lie.
And 'mid the bird-notes of the morn,
And 'mid the lake's soft swell,
O'er hill and vale, and water borne,
Peals out the Sabbath bell,
Sweet love,
The Sabbath morning bell.

With saddle bound, my gentle steed,
Whose foot is firm and free,
Whom children's hands caress and feed,
Waits at the door for thee,
To bear thy weight of priceless worth,
I trust that steed so brave;
And for the wee ones going forth,
My boat waits on the wave,
Sweet love,
My boat waits on the wave.

While we the water-lilies kiss,
Thy steed shall brush the dew,
As light we'll skim the water's brim,
And thou'lt the shore pursue,
Till on the church-yard's shaven green,
Our steps again unite;
To join within, with chastened mien,
The Sabbath's sacred rite,
My love,
The Sabbath's sacred rite.

HUMILITY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THERE was a little river
Down below the meadow land,
Where the ripples beat like music
On the snowy-pebbled sand;
And the foam from tiny rapids
Glistened like a spirit hand.

There were no savage cataracts
To win a nation's gaze—
There were no treacherous quicksands,
No wild and devious ways;
But the sweet river watered fields,
And gladdened lonesome braes.

There frowned not in its borders
The castle of a king;
But down in sober valleys,
Where bells of cattle ring,
They say the little river
Is a sweet and blessed thing.

No hoary, regal cypress,
Crowned with gorgeous misletoe,
Leaned o'er the quiet waters,
Or was mirrored in their flow;
And yet that river's power is felt
In Ocean's undertow.

So the soul may be as humble
As the little gliding brook,
And possess no storied learning
From Science's musty book;
No romance from the eastern lands,
Or pride from sculptured nook.

But a simple word of kindness,
Spoken to a heart that's cold,
May be priceless as the jewels
Which princes wore of old;
For a little smile of Charity
Is better than fine gold.

A LETTER TO FRIEND JOHN.

BY WASHINGTON BALLOU.

My dear friend, John, your letter has
This hour come to hand,
And is full of charming news, from
Your famous Yankee land.

Then "Sam is still in the land of gold,
And Tom has gone to sea —
Kate," you say, "is teaching school —
Jim works for Deacon Lee.

"Joe with the old folks lives at home,
And May, and rosy Nell
Have gone to tend the Power-loom
In the maiden town of L. . . ."

And you, at last, it seems, have wed —
Success to you, my friend —
I know your wife is one in whom
Love, worth, and beauty blend.

You wish to lead a farmer's life,
But land is there so high;
You say you've hardly funds enough
A "tater patch" to buy.

"A farm, a house, a horse, a cow,
A hundred things to get —
Oh, dear! I knew not what to do,
To keep myself from debt."

You know 't is seldom I advise;
But now I think it best —
I'll tell you what to do, my friend,
Pack up, and come out west.

'Tis here majestic rivers flow —
Here spreads the boundless lea,
Beset with many verdant groves —
A lovely inland sea.

'Tis here ten thousand flowers bloom
'Neath an Italian sky;
The winds bring rose-tints to the cheek,
And lustre to the eye.

By spring and grove, in vale and glen,
By lake, and river clear,
Comes peeping out the lowly cot
Of th' fearless pioneer.

But humble though these cots may be
On hill-side, and in glen,
Know this — they are the quiet homes
Of independent men.

Come then, and join this noble band,
Come break the virgin soil —
With lavish hand 't will surely pay
For all your care and toil.

Say not, "My funds they are so low,
I think I'll tarry east;"
Your letter says, "I think I have
A hundred pounds at least."

That is enough to bring you here,
Enough to buy a cow,
Enough to buy a load of grain,
An ox team, and a plow.

Now with your prudence, and your care,
And Granite State "backbone,"
You can not fail to own a farm.
When the first-born runs alone.

Make here your wife a rural home,
Raise here your girls and boys,
And lose your over-anxious heart
In sweet domestic joys.

Then pull your stakes, and set them here,
Look well, then "make your claim,"
And if you ever rue the day,
Your friend will bear the blame.

LAST SLEEP OF THE BEAUTIFUL BABY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Rest in thy bed, my darling,
Where the bright fountain plays,
Where flowers of richest fragrance spring,
And birds with carol'd lays.

Thy little life was measured
By months, and not by years;
And sweetly clos'd before it reach'd
The alphabet of tears.

Clos'd like a tinted sunbeam,
That knew no shade of gloom,

Baptismal water on thy brow,
And prayers to bless thy tomb.

Love, o'er thine infant pillow,
Kept watch with steadfast mind,
And homeward took its flight with thee,
But sorrow staid behind ;

It staid behind, and weepeth
Above thy beauteous clay ;
Unfold thy snowy, cherub wings,
And fan that grief away.

Or with thy harp of melody
Enforce their glorious gain,
Who scape the battle here below,
Without a wound or stain.

And in their Saviour's presence,
Where naught can e'er annoy,
Expand to seraph-size, and taste
The plenitude of joy.

HARTFORD, Ct., Dec. 23, 1857.

MY LITTLE HOPE.

As fluctuates the oceans' tide,
So does my little hope ;
And with the trembling aspen leaf,
Its trembling, too, may cope.
Like a star in beauty, twinkling,
On which we love to gaze,
So my hope, true to its mission,
Is giving forth its rays.
And in earth's changing seasons, though
beauties I may see ;
Yet, the greatest joy life giveth, is my little
hope to me.

Not Hope, the maiden, do I mean,
Who lives on yonder hill ;
Whose father toils so steadily,
And daily, at the mill ;
Whose sparkling eye, and dimpled cheek,
Attract so many beaux ;
Who has so many pretty ways,
She's loved where e'er she goes.
Not of that maiden do I speak, though she
was born to bless
Fond hearts, and most that true one who
doth her love possess.

I speak of hope given to me,
To light me all my way,
A little spark hid in my heart,
That brightens every day.
No storm my little hope shall cloud,
No blight shall it destroy,
No wave shall drown in ocean's depth,
No sorrow can alloy.
My little ebbing, trembling hope shall cling
to me through time,
Oh! may it full fruition prove in yon cele-
stial clime.

Like a word that's kindly spoken,
So soothes my little hope ;
Like a wave of sorrow broken,
When visions newly ope ;
And when I hear it whispering near,
My heart's not sad and lone ;
Daily it murmurs in my ear,
" 'Tis bright around the throne."
Whate'er my earthly cares may be, my little
hope doth cheer,
Just like a blessed angel, that is always hov-
ering near.

How oft in saddest, darkest hours,
This hope has smiled a cheer,
And then it seemed just like a boon,
Dropt from another sphere ;
Sometimes 'tis but the smallest ray,
I scarce discern its spark ;
Again it turns the night to day,
And all illumines the dark.
My little hope to me, is like a bright simili-
tude
Of the pure and blissful future — the yet un-
tasted good.

If once my little hope is hid,
I search the outer world,
But know it has no power to say,
Its wings shall be unfurled ;
And then I search the inner man,
But all is darkness there,
Sweet peace has flown, while I inquire,
"Where is my hope? oh, where!"
But if, with faith's uplifted eye, I see heaven's
gate ajar,
Then shines my little hope again, just like
the morning star.

MAY BIRD.

THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND.

THY labors on earth, ransomed spirit are
ended,
Thy trials below have been long and se-
vere,
And thanks with our mourning for thee may
be blended.
Thou art freed from the troubles that com-
passed thee here,
No more shall thy spirit endure the stern
anguish
That flows when the heart-strings of love
have been torn ;
No longer in pain shall thy feeble frame
languish,
Or thy soul over crushed hopes despair-
ingly mourn.

No more dost thou grieve for the wayward
one, straying
From paths where his footsteps thou
gladly would'st lead ;

No more for the wanderer hopelessly praying —

Thou art gone from thy work to enjoy the glad meed ;

And well hast thou earned it, while weary — benighted

Thou soughtst 'mid earth's brambles, for duties dark way ;

Mayst thou now weary pilgrim, by glory be lighted,

And o'er thy dark path shine the brightness of day.

Without thee, oh, loved one, our household is dreary,

And sad are the hearts that once called thee their own ;

But thy day's work was finished, thy spirit was weary,

And joyed in the mandate that summoned it home.

Thy spirit hath triumphed and left us to sadness ;

For well have we loved thee, thou blest one of yore,

To wish thou wert with us in sorrow, is madness,

No ! joy that our troubles can reach thee no more.

Thou hast gone where the angels forever are singing

Hosannas in praise of the Saviour divine ;

Where the quiver of harp-strings forever is ringing,

Where the smile of a well-loved Redeemer is thine ;

Mourn not without hope for the spirit departed,

Grieve not for the lost one, she's far from all pain ;

And ours be the meed of the fond faithful-hearted,

When in brightness we meet with the loved one again.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25, 1858.

"AWFUL TEMPERS."

"OH, dear ! I don't see how you *could* be so careless, we shan't have a plate left in the house, at this rate. It does seem as though there was n't any kind of need of your dropping that ; you make more waste than your work will *ever* be worth."

"I don't care, I'm glad of it."

"Child alive ! I'm ashamed of you, and frightened too, what do you suppose is going to become of you with such an awful temper ?"

You didn't hear the answer, it didn't come till the child's flushed face was buried in her hands, and she threw herself on the floor of the room, *farthest from you* then, it was — "I don't know nor care, I wish I could die."

No, you didn't say any thing to make her give such an answer, you didn't *threaten*, but you *fretted* at her, and if you could see the reflection of your face just then, you wouldn't have blamed *any one's* temper for rising at sight of the wrinkles round your nose — just remember that when fretting takes root in the mouth, it shoots up and blossoms round the nose — the decidedly *cross-cut* glances of your eyes, and the scowl settled on your forehead.

Her remark was an extremely saucy one, but it was the flash of a *quick* temper, not an *awful* one — if it had been, she wouldn't be crying her eyes out now, as you know she is, under the lashings of her conscience-rod, trying — you have a right (?) to show temper, never know how hard — to quell her wicked thoughts, and resolving ever so firmly that she "never, *never* will speak so to mother again."

Now, if you would only help her, when her hands make mischief with your table-ware, remembering that they are a *child's* hands, you would "lay an injunction" on your tongue, nose, and eyes, and give her a mild dose of caution, instead of the bitterness of petulance, she *would care* a little, thinking that her mother was "*so good* when she didn't scold," and maybe *the angels* would think so too ; at any rate, we give the word of our belief, that it would n't be written on the *debit-side* of your life-ledger. — *Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

ELLEN C. LAKE.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.

THE BELLE AND THE WIFE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Know they,
As women owe duty — so do men."

"Of earthly good, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse in human life."

"THEY are all asleep at last — the darlings! and I've a moment of silence in which to think. I sometimes conclude, I might as well be a machine, as a woman with a soul craving communion with its equals; but such sleeping faces rebuke me in their slumber. What a life I lead! Day after day, the same routine of duty, and not one word of appreciative encouragement from their father — not one acknowledgment of 'well-done,' to cheer me in my wifely duties; but if there is blame deserved, I am sure to get it by looks which are bitterer than words. 'Would I were a girl again,' has ceased to be mere poetry to me. No time for books, to change the dull current of my thoughts. All my old correspondents dropped, to give place to cares which are not well-assumed. A few hurried, heartless calls make up the sum of friendships. Mr. Thatcher says I am fading very fast, but takes no means to brighten my waning color. How he used to let my curls glide through his fingers, but now — well, there is no time for brushing curls, nothing but babies to dress, feed, and care for; then undress, put them in bed, and repair their little garments. This would be so light, if my husband would only feel that I was not idle. He used to pet me so much, and love to show me to his friends — and now he only tolerates me, though he don't say so. I mean to — no I won't, he'll only laugh at me, and I'm so miserable!" and the young head bent down over the table, and the great hot tears fell thickly over her folded hands.

She had married with all the enthusiastic love of one, who had gleaned her lessons of wedded life from books not too carefully selected, and found, as many another wife has done, that lovers and husbands, court-

ship and housekeeping, were vastly different affairs. Her husband was her opposite in this respect, for he was vastly particular in every thing, except in choosing a wife. His wooing had been the only holiday in his life, the only time of relaxing from the rigid rules of his early training in which he had ever indulged.

She was a marvel of loveliness and innocence, and every body thought good Fortune held him in her special keeping, when he won the affections of Belle Latham. He had never thought of the possibility of her unfitness for a mother or mistress of a household. He believed with Mrs. Ellis, that it is the mission of all women to be good housewives; and he never doubted Belle, if he thought of her in this connection at all. A late sparkling writer says, that some women can't be useful if they would, any more than May-flies can spin silk. If men marry them, they must take their chances. We agree to the last, but not the first, and as Mr. Thatcher accepted the latter, we will follow his chance.

Belle Thatcher was really a gentle, loving mother, an affectionate, and, of late, a fearing wife. She had looked forward to her union with Mr. Thatcher, with the eyes of her understanding blinded by her romantic ideas of the future. She had no mother, and her father had cared for her, as he would for a rare tropical plant, from which nothing was expected, save beauty. His death lost its keen bitterness in the first and deeper love his child felt for the newly-made husband. He soothed her grief with the deepest tenderness, and won back her smiles, ere the light of the honeymoon had paled in the day-time glare of every-day life. Belle and her father had always boarded, and led, as other boarders do, a sort of Arab life, which adds little to the charm of childhood's recollection, and, still less, to woman's capacity to make a true home charming to husband and children. Personal beauty, though a

glorious gift to woman, has no power to exorcise the spirit of wretchedness, conjured up by a miserably ordered house. Mr. Thatcher was too proud, too independent to think of spending his days in this rambling way; he must have an establishment of his own, to accord with the dignity of his position; and that his beautiful wife would grace it well, he never for a moment doubted. How Belle trembled at the stupendous idea of being mistress of any one but herself. If, however, the duties looked too great, hers was not a spirit to remonstrate in the least. Her will had been annihilated with her love, and the stronger will of her husband—at least, so it seemed. We shall see. She found herself transplanted in a short time, or rather, transfigured from the plant to the pruner. Care followed closely upon care, till her little head had no one idea, save how to change the current of her husband's thoughts, when he should return, from her own illy-arranged affairs, which she had the will, but not the ability to better. From the worshiped lover, to the critic husband, there seems a natural inclined plane, and a few faults of inexperience or girlish thoughtlessness will serve as sufficient impetus to drive downward, but a life-time of exertion will hardly elevate him again. Perhaps it is that pride, inherent in masculine dispositions, which forbids a change in opinion when it is once formed, especially in cases like this.

It is easier to go down than up, and so poor Belle found. Three babes had been borne to her husband, and though he still loved her and his children, an involuntary sigh escaped him, at the darker prospect for a proper internal arrangement. He did not remonstrate in harsh words, but what was worse, the eloquence of disapproving looks. She loved her little ones too well, to give them over to another's care; and as she had ceased to expect admiration from her husband, of course, became careless

of personal appearance, while she spent her days in the nursery. The world, and Mr. Thatcher blamed her for not looking as beautiful, as it is every woman's duty to appear; and yet, he had long since failed to encourage those little nameless attentions to external adornments, which give such a charm to a lady.

On the evening in question, Mr. Thatcher had been startled at her sad care-worn face by the tea-urn, and though too proud to notice it in words, it followed him and returned with him to his home at an unusual hour. Belle, not expecting him, supposed a domestic had entered, and, not wishing to have her tears seen and reported, she kept her head bowed as if asleep. Her husband was startled at her stillness, and going suddenly up to her side, she raised her head only to let the hushed sobs burst forth, where of all other places she least desired—in her husband's presence.

"What, Belle?" he asked hurriedly.

"Nothing," she sobbed out, "only—only—you married a child, and I wish the babies and I were dead, and you had a better wife."

"Belle—Mrs. Thatcher!" he exclaimed sternly; "you are a woman, and a mother! I am surprised at this, as I am at your want of capacity to fill the position you accepted as my wife."

Every woman has her attendant angels, good and bad, and Belle's wicked spirit broke forth in her flashing face, as she gazed at her unreasonable husband a moment, with an almost transfixing look, during which the very current of her existence was turned into a new channel, and she replied, "So it was a housekeeper and nurse you wooed, instead of the petted child of Thomas Latham? You could have hired one cheaper, Mr. Thatcher, and better suited to your purpose," and the new woman strode from the presence of the astonished man to her own place by the

children. To say that her resolution to fulfil the duties she that night took upon herself, was carried out, would hardly convey the idea of perfection to which this hitherto gentle creature attained.

She smothered her longing to go to her husband and take back her words, for she well knew the tenderness he might have once felt, was eaten from his heart by business, and his love crushed by a want of home comfort—no, not crushed, but hidden even from himself. He found no weary head upon the pillow when he went to his room, and a dull pain took possession of his heart, in spite of the resentment he tried to summon up. His wife had been too much the echo of his will as far as she knew, or could give back compliance to his wishes.

In the morning, instead of the tardy breakfast, as the cook's mood dictated, it was in readiness and perfect at the very moment he had so often desired, and almost as often failed to have. Belle had found time to brush her beautiful hair into the glossy ringlets she used to wear, but which had long since been smoothed back to suit the hurry of late breakfasts, late dinners, etc. One of her girlish white wrappers, with its blue tassels, had been neatly arranged, and scarcely contrasted in the least from her pale cheeks and snowy throat. "Good-morning, Mr. Thatcher," she said coldly, with no movement of her usually expressive face. Her husband was astonished, bewildered at her appearance. Stately and chill—it seemed as if he had changed places with his gentle wife, but he replied as coldly as she had spoken. He tried to affect indifference, but it was useless. He could eat little while his eyes wandered stealthily to the figure opposite, and wondered all the more at the change, which was more apparent from her old coquettish style of dress. How polite she was! Every attention which a stranger would have expected, was bestowed upon him,

and when he refused every offered delicacy, she coldly asked to be excused, as her daily duty to the nursery demanded immediate attention. His voice trembled between grief and a determination to remain unbending, as he replied, "Certainly, Mrs. Thatcher." Little business engrossed him that morning, and his constant thought was of the pretty, gentle wife he brought to his home, and the transformation to a stately woman, cold and calm, when he had expected only a life-long childishness. He liked the dignity, but the chill was too much. Although, he had ceased to give warmth, he did not desire to be frozen himself.

The dinner was prompt, and in prime order and excellence, when he arrived at his residence. Belle announced its readiness with a haughty "Dinner is waiting, Mr. Thatcher." Her hair was even more glossy than at breakfast, and the daintiest of muslins fell softly about her little figure. Her olden look had come back again, save in her eyes, which flashed out a defiance to circumstance and education; but to Mr. Thatcher they drooped with a meekness well dissembled, as she took her seat at the table. The two eldest children were placed in their chairs by a domestic, and the serving began. The little ones had seemed to get the spirit of their mother, and were as unlike their usual noisy and untidy appearance, as the lady at the table beside them. The head of the house marvelled. He did not know that Belle had been giving, for the first time, a hasty glance, with a promise of a long look, into a housekeeper's directory, and also that a woman has an endless resource when roused by strong emotions. Sickness, reverses of fortune, or any other cause, might have developed the woman in Belle; but fate had decreed that it should come through her husband's harshness and want of sympathetic encouragement. It was bitter for both before the end came.

"Shall I help the children to a piece of the duck, Mrs. Thatcher?"

"A piece of the steak, sir; the duck is unhealthy for the children, and I wish to perform my duty to my charge, therefore, oblige me. I hope your dinner pleases you, sir." The carving-knife was poised a moment, and his eyes were fixed searchingly on a pair that drooped not a whit. "Just as it should be, Mrs. Thatcher. Have you a new cook?"

"No, not exactly; but having found my true position in the house, I have learned sufficient cookery for this dinner, and I hope to add to my information for to-morrow's. So you need give yourself no uneasiness, your appetite shall be properly attended to hereafter; I was at my post by the range during its preparation, sir."

Again Mr. Thatcher looked up to see if his eyes were not serving him falsely. That tone—that language was not Belle Latham's. Had his severe, but just reproach, made her as cold and hard as many another wife he had known, and whose husbands he commiserated? "Would such a strong creature ever return to gentle womanhood?" were questions quickly suggested, but there came no answer back to his heart.

"And the children?" he added, after a long pause.

"Were with me, or in the court. Although, I am but nurse in their father's estimation, I am their mother in my own. I shall not fail to them, depend upon that, Mr. Thatcher."

"Madame!"

"Sir!"

"Are you sane?"

"I am now; though I think I never was entirely, before last evening. You know severe shocks sometimes develop senses, supposed to be wanting entirely. You should congratulate yourself, Mr. Thatcher."

Again the knife and fork fell, and the startled, earnest look was fixed upon his wife; and, although their

hearts were almost bursting, neither would say the first conciliating word. She had said, "Forgive me," too often, and without a change in her constant offending, but he, never! He thought himself perfection personified in a husband, because he furnished a supply to every need, and never reproached her for a careless use of his bounty, save by the very blackest of looks, and an utter neglect of her mental wants. Between their honey-moon and the present, there was a fixed gulf that he would not pass, though his poor little wife ventured over alone, many and many a time, to be driven back by a cold dignity and apparent indifference.

He rose from his unfinished dinner, and left the house without a word. He thought to startle her back to her former submissive self, but he was mistaken. He had roused the imp that sleeps in every woman's heart, and it would not rest again till a fitting antidote should allay its restlessness. The tears did not come as they always had done, at every little vexation, but she grew stronger, and determined to conquer her husband, by becoming a good wife in every sense of the word, and forcing him to acknowledge her his equal. She procured a nurse for the children, to whom she gave the charge only of their appearance; but their food, bathing, and recreations were under her own eye, and she lay beside the darlings in their little bed, to strengthen her heart to its new duties, by a sight of their sweet, innocent faces, by the dim light of the night lamp.

Mr. Thatcher thought he would not return at tea-time, and see if she would be anxious on his account. He found it no easy thing, so great was his desire to see the old smile he had seemed to care so little about. He was a punctual man, and whatever were his other neglects, he never permitted her to remain in suspense, by his non-appearance at expected times, and informed her of any detention by

messenger. This evening none came. It stung her, but she crushed down the pain, and after seeing the children asleep, she found time to read; — an unusual thing for her, and one could guess at the contents of the work, by a white dust resembling flour on the cover.

At eight o'clock, she closed the now interesting volume, and opened her piano, and tried to recall her old favorites, and succeeded wonderfully. If there was any one thing, of which Mr. Thatcher was particularly proud during the first year of their marriage, besides his wife's beauty, it was her exquisite performance on this, his favorite instrument. It had long since served no purpose, save to amuse the little ones occasionally. Her husband had ceased to praise her, or turn the leaves after his lover-like way, and she had, of course, as any wife does, ceased to gratify, when there was no acknowledgment of pleasure. Mr. Thatcher entered quietly, and heard the same old sweet tones, only a "deeper sweet," singing with what to him, seemed almost a prayer, "Would I were a girl again."

It was a strong effort for him to control his desire to go in after the old fashion, and put his arms about her, and beg her to go back again to old times, and live it all over, and avoid the breakers of domestic life; but the desire vanished as he entered the room, and she rose with the same cold, stately manner, and bade him good-evening, and added, "After completing my day's duties, I thought I would amuse *myself* a few moments — hope I've not disturbed you?"

"Not in the least, madame," he replied, as coldly, and seated himself beneath the chandelier, and opened his evening paper — but not to read.

His wife came in with the tray in a few minutes, and drawing a tiny table by his side, left his chestnut-brown toast and fragrant tea by his elbow, and retired saying, "Good-night" at the door.

He looked up again, and saw by

the flush upon her face, that his late tea and toast had been prepared by his wife. This hurt his dignity; for he was as unreasonable in his opinions of his wife's peculiar duties, as ever she had been herself, and thought a wife culpable for every thing imperfect in the establishment — but she must do nothing herself if there was a domestic in the house.

She was growing the wiser of the two. He would have gladly listened to the old tale of weariness, complaints of unfaithful servants — anything, even the presence of her usual untidily arranged dress, rather than this terrible loneliness. But *she* had thought herself alone, even by his side, too many times, and now it was his turn. She felt it all bitterly enough, but her plans for perfection in household details, occupied her mind to the partial exclusion of her husband. She did not pity him, for she thought he would be pleased. Her children were better disposed, since she had dropped her fretful tone, and the cook said no more in remonstrance, when her orders were given. The house was assuming an unusual look of tidiness and cheerfulness. Thus passed day after day, and week after week, and the tension on each heart grew more and more painful, and the aspect of affairs more and more agreeable to the few visitors at the house.

Mrs. Thatcher went out, shopped, dressed, nodded to her husband in the street, with the old air of her girlhood, and crowned the whole, by accepting an invitation to a fashionable party, which she had not done since she became a mother. She showed her note of acceptance to her husband, and in her half-defiant, half-humble tone, asked if she should send it. He was not pleased after all, though he had thought it among his grievances, that his wife kept him from society. "Now — well no matter," he said, "by all means," though his lip quivered a little, as he thought perhaps the last state of his wife, might be worse than the first.

She consulted him coldly about her dress, which, of course, he pretended to leave to her taste, while he had grown to consider the least new phase in her affairs of great importance. White taffata and pearls—a marriage gift from him, and a white japonica in her curls, made her look the bride again, save the absence of the veil; and his heart throbbed almost audibly, as she took his arm to go down to the hostess. She startled every one by her mature beauty and self-possession, so unlike her former self, and yet so like. No one received the homage given to Mrs. Thatcher. Her husband followed her after his old fashion, and his eyes were held to hers, and his ears were startled at the quick repartee he had once considered so bewitching, but which he had ceased to notice, because no one else heard it, save himself. How much another's admiration enhances the value of any thing we possess, and particularly, intellectual gifts.

She was asked to sing, and her old notes had grown richer and deeper than when she used to charm every one with her exquisite intonation. As she finished her only song, she heard some one remark to her husband, "Your splendid wife has been hiding her light so long, that she quite dazzles us by her radiance."

Belle looked up, and there a great tear trembled in his eye, which he would not close, lest it should fall and be seen. Her cheek flushed like a girl's, and she could hardly rise from her position, so much had her husband's one tear affected her, while hers had ceased long ago to move one heart-throb of his.

She sought the hostess, and bidding her good-night, with an apology in which her children served her purpose, she escaped to the dressing-room, and hid her face for a moment in her hands. A few seconds served to calm herself, and sending a message to her husband that he need not disturb himself, save to order a car-

riage, as she could return alone, she threw on her cloak and waited his summons. He appeared, but was coated and gloved, at which she remonstrated; but he replied not a word, as he descended by her side, and lifted her after the old style into the carriage, as if there had been no years passed since he always lifted her thus. She trembled; but the time had not yet come for a reconciliation.

The light of their own hall lamp revealed his face to her, pale, and still, as it had been for many weeks, and his eyes bright, glassy. She bade him good-night, and hurrying to the nursery, knelt down in her beauty, over her dear babes, and her long silky curls hid her face, but her sobs shook their little crib. They had been pent up so long, and would have smothered themselves forever, but for the tear in her husband's eyes. It don't take much to make women good, any more than it takes little to make them evil.

Mr. Thatcher had strode the parlor, till he resolved to go up and ask her once more to be his wife, instead of housekeeper. He pushed the nursery-door slightly, and saw her by the dim lamp in her kneeling position, and knelt beside her, clasping her willowy figure in his strong arms, said, "Belle, dear Belle—" but the words stopped, and he shook with the strong sobs of a man subdued.

She flung back her curls, and looking up through her tears, said first, as women always do, "Forgive me, my husband," and he kissed her passionately again and again, but said not the same words. Even now, he could not, but only whispered, "We understand each other better, darling; and this coldness must not last, or I shall die."

We will not write all they said to each other, but after she nestled down her curls beside the little ones with whom she always slept, that usually cold, stern man would come back softly, and lifting the dim lamp, look

into her face, and go back stilly. She knew it, and a great happiness came down into her soul; but she opened not her eyes, lest he should feel ashamed to have her know his tenderness.

How happy they were; and when she perched upon his knee again, he would pinch her dimpled cheek, and say, "You know you were naughty, Belle," and she would reply, "But you know, too, that you can't find a chance to look cross at my house-keeping now, and it vexes you."

She did not go out in society much, for she loved to tell her husband, while a wicked look slept lazily under her brown eyelashes, that she feared she should not triumph again over a conquered spirit. Had Mr. Thatcher made a friend of his girlish wife, and lent her a part of his practical advice, and she tried to conquer her ignorance, this story had not had a foundation; but between many loving hearts, come faults which are not overcome either by anger or sorrow. No man, unless he be without spirit, will love a disorderly home; and no woman will reform it, without the encouragement of heart incentives stronger than common friendship.

HOW UNCLE JOHN WON THE DAY.

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

IT was a cold day in January. I shall not name the year; I suppose you care nothing about that. There were few persons in the street; fewer still at the counters for purchases. Little red-faced boys hurried along by the polished show-windows; once in a while one would venture in, offering his tasteless-looking fruit for sale. Little dim-eyed girls, half-clad, their dirty baskets on their arms, looked wistfully at the bright cashmeres which were displayed in uncle John's store. It was a day, peculiarly liable to give a predisposed person a fit of the blues. Business had not been brisk during the entire win-

ter. Money had been very scarce; the banks preferring to hold their gold, unless the poor harassed merchant could present gilt-edged paper. And very little of this was abroad. So uncle John, not being in any danger, owing to his keen foresight, had time to look after the welfare of his only child, a daughter nearly sixteen years of age, who had been cared for, principally, by a maiden lady, a distant relative of the family, who had too little resolution to deny the child the gratification of numberless whims, or to instruct her on any subject, which the little lady found at all disagreeable.

So Miss Emily grew up, thinking no will superior to her own, no judgment equal to her own, and every one's happiness of inferior consequence to that of Miss Emily Wood. But beneath this sterile surface-character, there were secret reservoirs, where fresh drops collected, as the summer rain of holy influence fell upon the sandy tract. Unknown to herself, and to those around her, these sealed waters were waiting but the appointed stroke of some prophet hand, that they might flow refreshingly forth. And this business-panic was, as it were, the herald of that thronging train of circumstances, which, like the ancient Hebrew caravan, should pause at the rock Horeb, and compel it to minister purely and beautifully to their necessities.

Uncle John loved the small, white hand, which incessantly reached forth for his hard-earned money; which so fondly caressed him, when pleading for the indulgence of some foolish fancy. He looked deep into the blue eyes, and thought of the closed white lids which lay upon those other eyes, which were like "stars in the east" to his young manhood. He kissed the soft brow, and in his soul another brow, seemingly circled with a halo of glory gleamed out. And so, with her own sweet persuasion, and those other silent, and, perchance, more hallowed influences, the pet of the

household had won the day, whenever any cause of disagreement had appeared.

But as uncle John began to think of "Milly" on this particular morning, there was, as it were, a stronger light thrown upon the picture. The colors stood out vividly. He seemed, as he sat there in his counting-room back of his deserted store, and group of dull-looking clerks, to lay by for a time, his doting love, and to see her as she was—a spoiled, willful child. And a voice—a dearly-remembered voice—seemed to say, "Ah! John, you have been too careless about the little one. You must see to it, that her life is not as a fruitless tree." And then, he remembered with what care he had watched rare trees, as they seemed to feel the blighting touch of winter; with what anxious thought he had waited the coming of his freighted ships, as they tarried with their costly treasure.

Uncle John was self-convicted. His own conscience accused him, and his own sense of right admitted the truth of the accusation. He cried out in his sorrow, "Guilty! guilty!" and the clerks started, and wondered what was the matter; and the oldest one looked in most respectfully, and asked if he called him. Uncle John said "No," and soon after, he wrapped himself in his great, thick shawl, and hurried home.

He threw off both shawl and overcoat in the hall, and stepped into the parlor. There he found aunt Lucy, the lady who presided over the establishment, and Henry Greene, a young and favorite acquaintance, who had dropped in, and had accepted aunt Lucy's urgent proposal to stay to tea, as by so doing, he would see both Mr. and Miss Wood. The latter was shopping. Aunt Lucy said she had been out since dinner; she did not know where she intended going.

"We must look after the young lady a little more closely, auntie," said Mr. Wood.

"So we ought," replied she; "but

I can't deny her, when she coaxes in her child-like way."

"I shall have more leisure in future, and will try to relieve you a little."

Aunt Lucy looked surprised, but waited until their guest should have gone, for further explanation.

The tea-bell was rung, and Mr. Wood seemed uneasy. He thought aunt Lucy appeared as if it were nothing unusual for Milly to prolong her excursions in this way. Indeed, he called to mind, that he had himself often missed her at the table, and upon inquiring, had received the unvarying reply, that she had gone out shopping. But since his new resolution had been formed, he had grown sharper-sighted, and was determined that future vigilance should atone, so far as it might, for past negligence.

Milly came in after tea, and was as playful and entertaining as usual. The father looked fondly upon her; the young man admiringly. She said she had met Nellie Graves in a store, and had taken tea with her at her boarding-house. She wished very much to join a circle they were getting up there among the boarders—a literary circle she believed they called it. It was to meet once a week, and they were to spend the evening in conversation, reading, etc. It would, she thought, be perfectly charming. Frank Shallow was to be president; he was studying law, and would be just the right one.

"You wish to join this society, do you?" asked her father.

"Oh, yes! I put down my name among the rest."

Mr. Wood said no more; but while Henry Greene and Milly were enjoying a lively chat, he reviewed the previous ten years. He had prospered in his business; his name was well and favorably known at the banks; he had sufficient and available means to meet all emergencies. But he had not guided well the young child, that was amid, tears and, agony

entrusted to him by his dying wife. Uncle John looked exceedingly earnest when Henry bade him "Good-evening," and he urged him to come often, as Milly would be lonely.

Milly seemed slightly surprised; but joined her father in his request, and in a few moments they were sitting alone in the large and cheerful parlor.

"Come here, Milly," said Mr. Wood; and he took his daughter on his knee, and very tenderly parted the golden tresses that fell carelessly over her white brow. He determined to guide her in the future; to induce her to forsake those companions, whom he did not approve as associates for her, not by open opposition, but by leading her to the cultivation of tastes that would inevitably break the acquaintanceship. He knew Nellie Graves to be a fashionable, trivial-minded girl—just such a one as he would wish his daughter not to be. He knew Frank Shallow to be possessed of a head of which his name was a good description; he was indolent, and far from promising to maintain a decent position in his profession. And if all her friends were of this class, he felt that it was time for him to be up and doing.

"How are you getting along with your music?" asked he.

"Oh! I have n't taken a lesson in six months, papa."

"Why! I am perfectly astonished."

"Nellie did n't play as well as I, and she threw it aside; so I thought I would."

"And did n't say any thing about it to me!"

"I thought you would n't care."

"I do care very much. Let me hear a tune now, Milly, and see if you play as well as you did."

It was the first time in a year, that her father had asked for a tune. She sat down with visible reluctance, and after many blunders, succeeded in finishing a piece with a showy flourish, which could not impose upon uncle John's good sense.

"Well, Milly, to-morrow I will speak to a teacher. I wish you to resume your music, and, darling, would you not like to take French lessons?"

"Will you take me to Europe, if I learn to speak well?"

"Perhaps I will. We will see first what you can do."

Uncle John knew that Milly had been humored so long, that firm, direct opposition would only arouse her latent obstinacy. He blamed himself continually for his negligence of her while she was younger, still he was sufficiently sensible to see that at her age, she must be led—not driven. He consulted with aunt Lucy, and that good lady, with much foreboding, consented to aid him.

A teacher of music and French was immediately procured, and Milly, who had capacity enough, studied hard. Her mornings were devoted to her books, and by this means, her interest in her trivial companions was, in part, destroyed. The old friends who had clustered around uncle John's fireside when his wife was living, came to them, and by their society, as well as the widening distance between her old mates and herself, Milly was fast losing her fondness for them. Nellie Graves and Frank Shallow seemed to linger the longest. The young gentleman used every endeavor to render himself agreeable to uncle John, but success was impossible; and, although Milly really seemed to prefer his society, even to that of Henry Greene, uncle John affected not to notice it. The literary society was a failure. Nellie and Frank protested it was on account of Milly's absence. So two years went by.

One bright morning in summer, uncle John had arrayed himself in his suit of linen, and was standing in the hall, waiting for Milly's "Good-bye," before he should start for his counting-room. Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself, and he called out "Milly! Milly!"

She came bounding along the broad

hall, and stopped beside him. "There is a letter on my table which I wish you to read and answer."

"A letter!"

"Yes, from Henry; but you'll see what it is."

"Good-bye, papa."

"A letter from Henry Greene! Which I am to answer! Well, I'll see!"

Milly went slowly and thoughtfully to her father's room. She was thinking of the young man's unassuming kindness, and of a thousand little acts of consideration, which she had scarcely noticed at the time of their occurrence.

She drew the letter from the envelop — her father had already perused it — indeed, it was addressed to him, and hurriedly glanced over the fairly-written lines. It was an application to pay his addresses to Milly, and there was an enclosed note for herself.

The little maiden's cheeks burned brightly as she read. In her own note, there was merely the expression of a wish to keep up the old friendship by a correspondence, with a few remarks relating to his new home.

When uncle John came home to dinner, Milly was very serious. After aunt Lucy had left the table, he asked Milly what he should say.

"You said you wished me to answer the letter?"

"Oh! your part of it. The note belonged to you, the letter to me."

"I'll answer his note. I've no objection to keeping up the old acquaintance — certainly not."

"Well, what shall my reply be?"

"Tell him I don't wish any one's addresses. Tell him I am going to stay at home with you all my life."

"Henry is a fine fellow — a very excellent young man. I hate to say any thing which he may construe into a decided refusal."

Uncle John went to his store. He sat thinking of Milly, and of Henry's letter all the afternoon.

"I wonder if she has any foolish

liking for any one else!" thought he. "I'll try and find out."

He spent the evening at home. This did not excite any wonder, as it surely would have done once. Aunt Lucy was with a friend in another room.

"I think I'll answer Henry's letter to-morrow," said he. "I like him very much. If you are going to correspond with him, I think I will write that I have no objection to make to his proposals; that he must ask you."

"Oh, papa! you're too bad. I can't bear to have him write to me on the subject."

"But why do you not like him. He is superior in every respect to that fellow — Frank Shallow — whom you have been so civil to."

"I *do* like him, papa; but I protest, that I can not like his superiority. These superior men who make you feel afraid to venture a remark in their hearing — oh! I should die, were I to receive the particular attentions of Henry Greene, Esq."

"Well, who is agreeable to your ladyship?" Uncle John was slightly vexed.

"No one is agreeable — I mean in just the manner Mr. Greene wishes to make himself so."

"I am sorry that you are not pleased with any of the young men you meet."

"I am pleased with them. I like Frank Shallow. He always yields to me; I do not feel afraid of him. I think I can lead him, instead of letting him lead me."

"Ah!" thought uncle John, "if I can manage this case, you'll neither lead him, nor he you."

But he said, "I will not urge you in this matter, darling. I'm sure, I desire your happiness."

"Thank you, papa; I'll answer Henry's note this very night, and you shall mail it to-morrow."

After Milly went to her room, he sat gazing earnestly upon the glowing anthracite. And he decided upon a

plan which he would try, in order to bring about this union which he had long desired. He had a cousin in the city where Henry was—a lady whose counsel would benefit Milly. And he resolved to invite her to visit them, and to interest her in his scheme, which was to send Milly home with her, and thus, by withdrawing her entirely from Frank Shallow's society, to make it easier for Henry to win the young lady's heart.

The next day he wrote. Mrs. Manly was a widow in affluent circumstances, with no children. When she received Mr. Wood's letter pressing her to visit them, she felt her heart gladden at the thought of pleasantly renewing the old intercourse which had existed in days gone by. She wrote immediately, accepting the invitation, and naming the day on which she might be expected.

Her visit was a very pleasant one. Milly was delighted with her "new cousin," who seemed to throw aside the gravity and dignity, which experience united with superior cultivation might well give her, and to interest herself in the more trifling and seemingly unimportant cares which yet pressed heavily upon young shoulders.

French and music, as well as other studies, which her father had gradually induced her to take up, were now dropped for a time, and when Mrs. Manly bade them adieu, Milly promised to return the visit as soon as possible. Mr. Wood had conversed freely with his cousin about his plan, and soon after her return, he sent Henry Greene a letter of introduction, with which he soon presented himself before Mrs. Manly. Many of his evenings were passed in her cheerful parlors, and when she announced to him an approaching visit from Milly, she could but observe the undisguised pleasure which shone from his countenance.

The streets were purely arrayed in the white drapery of winter. The season was an exceedingly gay one.

And to the opera and the lecture-room, Milly was escorted by Henry Greene, who was truly *unrivalled*. Milly had few acquaintances—she seemed not anxious to form new ones. And Mrs. Manly was careful to oppose no obstacle to the accomplishment of Mr. Wood's wishes. Henry was a devoted suitor. Milly often wondered what her father's reply had been to his letter. Old ties were insensibly weakening. When a thought of Frank Shallow intruded itself, the nobility of Henry Greene quickly overshadowed it, and drove it from her. She often wondered how it all came about. Milly was very thoughtful now-a-days. She contrasted her present aspirations with her old ignoble content, and was fain to confess that her present position was worthier of an immortal being. Ah! Milly, it was all uncle John's judicious management. If he had loved you less, or if that business-panic had not given him time to think of his obligations, where would you have been?

When Milly returned to her father, all was as he wished. And when Henry wrote, begging that he might come for Milly in June, uncle John kissed his young daughter, and said if she wished, they would all go to Europe, and secure the benefit of her French. And Milly left it all with Henry, and when he wrote, he said he should only be too happy to make the voyage.

* * * * *

Many years have passed, since that small party stood upon the deck of a white-winged ship, as she moved out of the bay. Mrs. Manly was a member of it. White lines are mingled with the dark masses of hair which shade the brow of Henry Greene. His wife has passed thus far on life's journey, bestowing blessings upon all about her pathway. Uncle John lies in the grave; he blessed his daughter for her filial love, and she can now look back, and see how kindly he led her into pleasant paths. Mrs. Manly

lives with them. They are to her as affectionate children, and she finds infinite delight in the caresses with which the little ones are so prodigal, as each strives to "kiss grandma first."

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

WE cut the following worthy-to-be-thought-about remarks from a sermon of the Rev. A. D. Mayo. — Ed.]

The dollar is a new privilege in the life of this world, for which every man should pay his full equivalent in work. Labor of some description — of the hands — of the mind — or subtle toil of noble living, is the God-ordained condition of the best earthly opportunities. For labor is not alone of the hands, and the worker on matter, is not alone worthy of his hire. Whoever thinks a shorter way to do any necessary thing, or a better thing to do, or a finer grace of manliness to be obtained, deserves the dollar, that he may occupy a wider field of effort, wherein he may bless mankind with his new discovery. And there are those who live so grandly, that all the gold and jewels in the world are a poor tribute to their worth, and we are honored by giving them money, that their orbit of love and light may evermore expand. Service is manifold; and the worker in spiritual stuff, is most deserving. Work alone deserves the dollar; not that a bit of gold can *pay* any man for honest toil; but it is the key which unlocks the door to a new region of advantages, to which the laborer has gained the right to ascend.

Therefore, let no man or woman, old or young, dream that laziness deserves any thing but starvation and disgrace. Whoever will not work in some good way while he can — or when his strength is gone, live so nobly, that his service increases as his body declines, shall not obtain the consecrated dollar; if he obtain

any, it shall be a curse to his soul, for the lazy man's gold is a key that opens the ward of a lower hell, to which his sin has doomed him. Neither shall make — believe work deserve the true reward. Whoever gets his living by doing what hinders society, or is superfluous in its occupations, only disgraces himself, for there is a valuable thing for every soul to do that is born into the world; and whoever plays at work, does the double mischief of leaving his task undone, and perpetrating a new shame. Oh! what a wreck does this savage old school-master, Panic, make with all this trumpery of unreal labor! How do whole professions disappear, and whole classes of men shrink to their native poverty, before his relentless gaze! Better live with him and munch your crust, than feast with a prosperity built on false pretences; for the world knows what it needs, and there will be confusion in the money market a good many centuries yet, until all men get into their own place, and do their full measure of their own work.

Then do your best work on the highest plan of your manhood. Multitudes of men think business means going into the lower regions of their life, to gain a base dollar, and then coming up and putting on clean clothes to enjoy it. But do you rather array yourselves in the purple robes of your largest manhood, to go about your daily toil. Put your whole soul into your common life. Put in truth. Let every blow you strike, come faithfully down on a real spot; and, as you value yourself, do not shrink to a dishonesty, though buried as deep as the bottom of the sea; for you can not slight your work, or cheat your neighbor, or dodge your obligation, without taking it out of your own character.

Young woman, receive no dollar that degrades your womanhood. If you are living as true daughter, wife, mother, friend, you are not in degrading dependence, but it is your

right to receive, as the privilege of man to give, the dollar rightly earned. But oh! beware the curse of taking the base dollar; of tempting man to earn it by the disgrace of his manliness; for, could you see yourself walking in fine raiment, bought by money wrung from your neighbor in the bitter competitions of dishonest trade; filched from the slow-witted; plundered from the foolish, the unfortunate, the despairing, as the angels behold you; could every dollar that goes to buy luxuries for your social state and position in the world, reveal the history of its acquisition, would you be able to face your present success?

Pitch your wants on a key so low, that they can all be satisfied by the consecrated dollar, and scorn any advantage gained by other coin, as you would shrink from pollution. The fortune meanly gained, will be meanly spent; for the plain reason that the same man who degrades himself to obtain his money, unless he becomes a better man, will continue to act from the same low level, and scourge the community worse in the use than in the getting of his wealth.

Is it strange, that the seamp who has sprung a trap in speculation, and caught a fortune, should go on speculating in higher things than railroad stocks, and prostitute his ill-gotten substance to pollute the ballot-box, or bribe the community in granting him a social position he does not deserve? Is it surprising, that a wife who shuts her eyes on the questionable tricks of her husband's trade, and tempts him to new meanness by her prodigality, will use her gold in spoiling the bodies and souls of her children, and putting out the light of heaven in her home?

Whoever gains money like a knave, will spend it like a snob, because the money-making sharper, by success, is naturally developed into the upstart of society. I want no better test of a man's way of using, than a knowledge of his manner of getting;

and when I see ostentation, or avarice, or hard, cold selfishness in the owner of large possessions, I can prophesy that if the whole story were told, his little of possession would be stained by many a damning sin before God, and outrage done to man. But when the dollar has been so truly earned, that it represents the best manhood of its possessor, I need no assurance that the same nobility will preside over its use, and bless the world as much in the spending, as in the gaining.

THE HIGHLANDERS AND THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

SCARCELY out of Scott's novels, can a scene be found more dramatic, touching, and picturesque, than that described by a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow, in a letter published in the *London Times*.

To give it its due effect, it should be remembered that General Havelock was not an hour too soon in his relief, as the advance of the enemy's batteries and mines had settled the fate of the garrison; and it should be known, that in the continual uproar of the cannonade, and the obstructions of military works and buildings, the beleaguered and devoted garrison did not hear, nor see any thing of the advancing relief, until the battle had been fought outside, and the relieving force was marched up to the gates.

"On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims of Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned

to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

"I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie Brown had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her when, as she said, I should awake her when 'her father should return from the plowing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself, could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreaming, it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor.

"I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan — to the Macgregor, the grandest o' them a'. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers, would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety.

Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull, lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing, that it was heard along the whole line — 'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear! d'ye hear!'

"At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow, but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs, and the murmured voices of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' etc.

After that moment, nothing else made any impression on me, I scarcely remembered what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet, her health was drunk

by all present, while the pipers marched round the table, playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

THE PIBROCH OF MACGREGOR.

Beleaguered by a fiendish crew,
The remnant of a gallant few,
By battle wasted smaller grew.
Yet still, with belt of flame
And sturdy steel, they held at bay
The hell-hounds, longing for their prey —
But, closer and closer, day by day,
The monster myriads came.

There was no time for rest or food
In that wild festival of blood;
Even while the gun its shot made good,
The cannoneer took breath;
The gallant woman, maid or wife,
Daring the danger of the strife,
With food sustain'd the soldier's life —
While he was dealing death.

They held, for days, their feeble towers,
Against the swarm of traitor powers —
But now — they fight for numbered hours,
Unless relief were near;
Yet still, with spirit undepressed,
They keep the bloody battle-crest,
And forth from every manly breast
Still bursts the ringing cheer!

The fort was mined from flank to face —
The match was lighted — short the space
Till Death, in fiery wings' embrace,
Should snatch them all from shame;
When through the roar of battle, clear —
Like music faint to dreamer's ear —
A Highland maiden's heart to cheer,
The sound of pibroch came.

She rush'd amid the battling men,
"Rescue!" she cried — "again, again
I hear the slogan down the glen,
A Highland hive is humming;
Ye'll na' believe me, for your ear
Is clogg'd wi' battle; dinna ye hear
Macgregor's pibroch ringing clear
The Campbells are a-coming!"

They paused a while — they could not hear
What reach'd the maiden's finer ear;
But soon outrang a warrior-cheer,
And pray'r from woman's lip broke,
As, piercing through the war-cloud grim,
That crowned the battle's fiery rim —
Like a redeeming angel's hymn,
Peal'd forth Macgregor's pibroch.

It is not generous to blame youth
for the follies of young men.

"FACT AND FANCY."

BY MRS. J. G. KIDDER.

"FACT and fancy! Fact and fancy!" slowly repeated aunt Hannah, raising her head, and looking over the top of her specs. "Why! don't people know there is a great deal of fact, and also, a great deal of fancy in this world of ours? But it is a mystery to me, why these writers do not go farther with stories — why they don't tell us something of the married life of their heroes and heroines. I wish we could have reading-matter, such as stir up, and bring to light slumbering thoughts, scatter prejudice to the wind, give new energy to fainting spirits on the great traveled path of life. We don't have enough such reading, while we are overstocked with trash, like this in my hand. There are intelligent women in this world — women who tread weary and footsore the road of domestic joys and sorrows, yet leave behind them, a path luminous with patience and fortitude. I wish they would tell us more of such women; tell us of their domestic triumphs — triumphs over temper and habits — of their ever-inviting homes, where charity, love, and truth sit enthroned, with peace for a crown, more precious than the purest, brightest gems. No matter where they are, in the log-cabin of the west, or the mansions of the east, the chance of both are about the same, and I presume there are some good and noble women in both; yet it is sometimes hard to discover them, hidden as they are, in the heterogeneous mass of human beings, with which the world is filled. I am an old woman, and have seen a great deal of this world, and —"

"Old in years you mean, aunt, not old at heart," interrupted I.

"Bless you, child! what made you think of that?"

"Oh, because! you don't seem any older than when I first saw you."

"Well, I don't know as I am any older at heart, as you say, than I was

at twenty ; but when I look back over my long life, I know I am old, and old-fashioned too."

"Old-fashioned people are sometimes the best," said I.

"Thank you for the compliment," answered she, with a nod and a smile, at the same time raising her specs from her nose to her forehead. Looking at me for a moment, then seeing I was not going to answer, she neatly folded the paper, and threw it into my work-basket, saying, "Hand me 'THE HOME,' and let me see what Mrs. AREY has given us. I am thinking 'THE HOME' is just about the best, and most sensible book a woman can read now-a-days," and here she opened "THE HOME," and commenced looking over its pages, muttering almost inaudibly "Fact and Fancy." At length, she re-adjusted her specs, and settled herself in her capacious arm-chair for a long perusal, which I am partial enough to believe, proved satisfactory.

GUN LAKE, Nov. 1857.

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

A PLAIN marble stone in a church-yard, bears this brief inscription: "She always made home happy."

This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made him happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self-denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for comfort for all about her! Her husband did not seek hap-

piness at public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother thinking of them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice, and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother, was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments; she was afflicted in her person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her, was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "She always made home happy."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

EYE GLASSES.—Sir David Brewster, in the *North British Review*, says that no opinion is more common, and certainly none is more correct, than that it is prudent to avoid the use of artificial helps to the eyes so long as they are not absolutely indispensable. The human eye is too delicate a structure to bear continued strain without injury; and the true rule is to commence the use of glasses, as soon as we can see better with them, than without them; and always to employ such, as will render vision most comfortable and pleasant. The spectacles habitually used for ordinary purposes, may not be adequate to certain occasional demands, such as reading very fine print, examining maps, etc. To meet these cases, a hand-reading glass, two and a half inches in diameter, to be used in conjunction with the spectacles, and never without them, is strongly recommended. A similar use of the reading-glass is also recommended to short-sight persons, in conjunction with the concave spectacles, when examining minute objects.

SAINTHOOD IN CÆSAR'S
HOUSEHOLD.

BY PROF. HUNTINGTON.

"The saints that are of Cæsar's household."

THIS incidental allusion informs us that already, in Paul's day, there were Christian disciples in the Pagan Palace of the World. Jesus was confessed, it seems, not only "before men," but before emperors—men that, in irresponsible power and savage cruelty, had almost lost the nature of men.

Faith has won its grandest conquests on straitened and sorrowful fields. If the strength and joy of believing are proportioned to the weight of the crosses borne for it—and such a rule as that, does appear to have place in the spiritual economy—then it is in some such post of perplexity as a Cæsar's household, some age of persecution or close corner of peril, that we must look for the bravest witnesses to truth. So keenly has this been felt by some adventurous souls, that they have positively longed for fiercer onsets of trial, than our common and easy fortunes bring, giving their religious constancy a chance to prove itself invincible. Sir Thomas Browne, with his unbounded veneration, had an appetite so hungry for this stimulus to trust, that he says, in one of the passages of his *Treatise on the Religion of a Physician*, "I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, and that I never saw Christ, nor his disciples; for then my faith would have been thrust upon me, and I could not have enjoyed that greater blessing promised to all that see not and yet believe." He envies the old Hebrews their title to the only bold and noble faith, since they lived before the Saviour's coming, and gathered their confidence out of mystical types and obscure prophecies. Modern society does not abound in instances of such enthusiasm for believing. More persons seem to be asking what is the minimum of faith that can be made to

serve for safety,—how much knowledge will release them from here, and divine indulgence there—than how affluent a measure they may be privileged to keep in reserve. We eulogize virtues that flourish only in a favoring soil and climate. We palliate and excuse the deficiency, when honesty is missing in the household of Cæsar,—in seats of power, or wealth, or folly, in office or at court, in Washington, or in Paris. We forget that the current piety of the Church, of society, and of the market, sinks and dwindles inevitably, unless it is 'replenished' by the energy of those valiant examples who will dare to bear testimony, and be true in the very palaces of power, and fashion, and mammon.

Of the line of Roman Cæsars—that race standing apart, of whom it has been well said, by a scholar competent to speak, that there met in them "all the highs and depths which belong to man, all the contrasts of glory and meanness, the extremities of what is highest and lowest in human possibility,"—the personage whom Paul speaks of here, as having saints in his household, was the sixth from the founder. Nero was a prince that as far surpassed others in infamy as Augustus did in royalty; a man, who, if every soul beside himself in his household had been a saint, concentrated inhumanity and pollution enough in his person to have darkened all their virtue by the blackness of his unnatural crimes; a man that expended more ingenuity in contriving new modes of dishonoring humanity, than most Christians have in serving it; and who earned the reputation of introducing into history, as facts, crimes so enormous, and combinations of wickedness so revolting, that but for him, they would have been held too fabulous for the wildest fancy; a man that hunted up and down his vast domains, to find some fresh species of murder, with exquisite and aggravated accompaniments enough to season it to his monstrous

appetite, with the same eagerness that gluttons search out a fresh delicacy for a sated palate; a man that tried three different ways of butchering his own mother, and at last dispatched her by a vulgar execution, in a petulant rage at being baffled so often; and who added the tyrant's caprice to the incendiary's, by undertaking at once to throw off the suspicion of his own agency, in the diabolic conflagration of his capital, and to comfort his bloodthirsty temper, by imputing the fire to the innocent Christians; who tortured his Christian subjects by unheard-of torments, dressing them in the skins of wild animals to provoke dogs to tear them to pieces, or wrapping their bodies in clothing smeared with pitch, and then setting them on fire to light up the Roman night with their burning; a man, in short, that wrought so awful an impression of his attributes of superhuman atrocity on the minds of the believers of that age, that a common rumor went abroad among them, after his horrible death, that he would return again alive to vex the world anew, and to be the Antichrist of prophecy.

In the household of such a man, and such a Cæsar, it was that the Apostle, himself now a voluntary prisoner at Rome, awaiting his trial, and probably his martyrdom, found "saints,"—saints that he mentions with special honor, when he sends their message in his letter to the friends at Philippi. There, and then, if nowhere else or since, we can all feel that it was something heroic to be a saint. By contrast with so dark a depravity, and in the teeth of so relentless a spite, "professing Christ" had a meaning; to be called a Christian, cost sacrifices that deserved the name. Saintship shone, then, with a palpable glory; and no man could fail of seeing whence the light came. The followers of the Crucified, and the lovers of the world, were separate companies of souls; the sword and the lions pronounced the distinction between them with emphasis. No wonder Paul thanks

God that even then the faith of the *Roman* Christians was spoken of in all the world.

Across the chasm of almost eighteen hundred years, beyond an ocean that is narrowed now by the Christian civilization which those saints installed, we are speaking of it,—thanking God, too, I hope, for his own wondrous providence in his Church—thanking Paul's pen that has left us this bright trace of a precious martyrology—thanking these saints of Cæsar's household themselves, for the mighty arms of faith which they reach over to us, to encourage our confidence, to quicken our unbelief, to reinspire our too sluggish zeal.

Possibly it may be found, that there is just as real and deep a distinction now, as then, between him who serveth God, and loveth the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and him who serveth and loveth not. Possibly it may appear, that the glory of an actual saintship, the veritably faithful spirit is just as pure and lustrous now as then. Possibly we may see that yet there are saints in Cæsar's households, and that there is as good cause to venerate and to multiply them, as when the gladiators waited in the ring, and beasts licked up their blood from the sand.

For, the substance of all sainthood that has vitality enough to survive in households of Cæsar is this,—that its virtue is so built on interior foundations, and its religious faith so rooted in the spiritual Source and Divine Master of its life, that no outward opposition avails to break it down, or even to interrupt its worship. You see, at once, how this carries the spirit of it out of the first age, and beyond Nero's palace; how possible it is, and how much wanted also, wherever an adverse influence frowns on Christian purity, or hinders Christian fidelity, and therefore how the subject is reduced at once to a practical study. For that influence may proceed from things not held in much suspicion;—from a false social standard;

from a set of surrounding associations hostile to holiness; from a dominant worldliness in a nation, or a city, or a college, or a literal household; from an inhuman course of legislation; from maxims of pretended honor really barbarous; from customs of evasion and apology, or of self-indulgence and sensual excess, of profaneness and cruelty, that creep in among loosened principles, as well as from courts and tyrants' thrones.

There are three or four special traits essential to this *sainthood in Cæsar's household*,—whoever the Cæsar may be, and wherever his house may stand. The first of these, we shall agree, is Courage. Christianity has not only room, but favor, for every noble sentiment in human nature; and so she offers, even to the veteran soldier, and to the enthusiastic youth, a field for all his bravery grander than any of his battles, in the resistance of moral invasion. Accordingly, we find that, very soon, Christianity siezed on some of those rough warriors that never quailed themselves, but had terrified and conquered the world. Mention is incidentally made of one convert who was "a centurion of the band called the Italian band," and some of these believers about the person of Nero, must probably have been guards of his palace. On one of the early Christian monuments at Rome, there is an epitaph of a young military officer, saying that he deemed himself "to have lived long enough, when he shed his blood for Christ." But Christ's religion courts no consideration from armies. Its courage is of another kind—the courage that bears wrong, but will not commit it, that saves life, rather than destroys it. It is a courage that springs from an unspotted conscience, and wins the triumphs of generous good-will; the courage that goes into, and out of all companies, counting-houses, caucuses, and churches with an uprightness not to be bent, whether you bring threats, or sneers, or golden baits, to tempt it; a cour-

age that lifts up an unblenched face in the most formidable array of difficulties, satisfied to stand on the platform of the New Testament, and on God's side, to listen to the encouragement of the beatitudes, and to hold to the breast-plate of righteousness. And, as I suppose it really takes about as much unadulterated fortitude, if all things are brought into the account, for a young girl to-day, to maintain a truthful and devout conversation,—that is, to be a Christian—as it did for St. Agnes; or for a student to carry an undefiled soul through an apprenticeship, or a university, as it did for Vigilus to go by night from his post in the palace, to hear an epistle read from one Paul of Tarsus, when it was whispered about Rome that the Apostle had sent a letter to his brethren there; so wherever such a Christian courage in duty is, there will be saints of Cæsar's household.

And if there are a second of their qualities, always attending the highest kind of courage, but very difficult to be united with its counterfeits, you will find to be Modesty. It does not appear that these devout persons in Rome, set themselves up to revolutionize religion, or to be patterns of perfection. They did not call themselves saints; Paul called them so. They did not boast of their religion; there was too much solemn sincerity in it. They did not lurk about the temples of idolatry, to mock its soothsayers, and to snarl self-righteous slanders about its priesthood. They knew the joy of their own believing, and the blessedness of their communion with Jesus; and cared more for fellowship with the Redeemer, than for admiration from the citizens. That was *their* Christian modesty. Disjoined from their fortitude, it might have degenerated into timidity. And that is often our danger. There are some persons—we all know such—of diffident dispositions, that err in not mixing enough boldness of resistance with their good nature or

amiability. They remain inefficient disciples, because they shrink from the public notice of taking up the cross. This is to turn one of the most beautiful of Christian graces, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," into a deformity and an offense; it robs the Master of the testimony that is his due, and it glides easily into a selfish and sluggish indifference. It sometimes happens that there are individuals among us, placed in a very literal resemblance to those that were saints in the household of Cæsar. In a state of society like ours, nominally Christian, but often more careful to render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, than unto God, the things that are God's, there will occasionally be instances of single believers in large groups, or communities of practical unbelievers. While the main current of speech, feeling, and habit runs one way, and that to self-pleasing, some one living a higher life, having a spiritual aim, pledged secretly to the law of Christ, and devoutly desiring above all things, to take up the cross and come after him, is sorely perplexed with the trial of a petty and cowardly persecution from those that ought rather, if not perverse in their depravity, to revere the better heart as a heavenly presence amongst them. And *then*, this very trait of modesty, a virtue in its place, threatens to become a traitor, to intimidate the trembling purpose, and draw back the soul from God to folly. This is the position of all threatened minorities. They will get strength for the fiery trial, by going back to see how the inmates of a palace full of gluttony, licentiousness, and all royal vices held their allegiance fast.

But to imitate that successful blending of modesty and courage, they will want a third quality, namely, Independence. The question of duty once settled, all gates but that which leads to acting it out, must be shut. And beyond that point, all arguments from custom, from the general expectation,

from popular applause, from public or private gratification, are impertinent; as much so, as for the little band to hesitate whether they should lose caste, by going out one day fifty miles from the capital, as far as Appii Forum, to meet the despised prisoner, who was conducted in from an Eastern province as an accused insurrectionist, after he had made Felix tremble, and half-persuaded Agrippa. Remember, they are living in the center of the great world's energy and splendor, as well as of its corruption, and in the very focus of its intelligence, as well as under its hottest hatred. Independence was a virtue quite indispensable to them; but not a whit more so than to us. For, every day, Providence, through our own instincts, pushes us into some crisis of moral peril, where, if we do not act simply of ourselves, and take our direction at first hand from the Spirit, our integrity itself is gone.

And, superadded to independence, and modesty, and courage, is Constancy. There must have been a great many days when it would have been easy, and very convenient for these valiant saints in Cæsar's household to slip round into the old comfortable heathenism again. Inducements were not wanting. For the ignorant there was personal safety. For the cultivated, Seneca was alive, competent to commend the Pagan philosophy in its purest aspects, and its Stoic severity, and professing himself, Jerome said, ambitious to be to Heathendom what Paul was to the Church. But they held fast. They might be hunted out in their obscure retreats, and might see their teachers slaughtered, as good Stephen once was, the moment the benediction had passed his lips; but they gathered again the next evening, and other hands, willing to be mangled by the same martyrdom, broke to them the bread of life. The Emperor might send them out to build his baths; they raised no civil rebellion, but, while they bent to their slavery, knelt

and prayed to the Father. Arrows might pierce their bodies; but, as you see in the picture of Sebastian, they believed that angels would draw all the pain of the weapons out, and the Lord Jesus receive their spirits. Extermination itself would not alarm them; Diocletian afterwards fancied he had killed the last, and set up a column to show that the whole Christian sect was extinct. But faith is prophetic; and although they could not foresee what actually happened, that their sculptured images should one day crowd the Pantheon, and the temple reared to a heathen goddess, be dedicated to the mother of their Christ; they did foresee that they should all stand with white robes, and palms in their hands, and songs on their lips, before God, in another temple, to go out no more.

God is asking constancy of *us*. You do not need that I should remind you what ever-besetting and fearful tempters are waylaying your steadfastness. If you swerve from Christian consistency; if you go from prayers here, to profanity and passion in the paltry annoyances of the week; if you purpose, and will not perform; if you talk of heaven, and live only for self; if you profess Christianity at church, only to dishonor it by your daily infidelity, then it wants no judgment out of yourself to tell you, that you belong not to the saints of Cæsar's household, but among its sinners.

Our Nero is self-love. The senses are the Cæsars of all ages. Fashion is a Rome that commissions its legions, and spreads its silent empire wider than the Prætorian eagles. The reigning tempter of the world, is the imperishable persecutor and tyrant of the faithful soul. And so, in all our New England, in every home and street, seminary and dwelling, there are chances for the re-appearing of saints in Cæsar's household. Wherever a fearless man deems any bribe to do wrong, whether it come in cunning insinuations or open bids, and whether it offer him promotion,

better wages, a larger house, more luxuries or leisure, or easier tasks,—deems it all an insult to his clean heart, and so spurns it instantly away, as a disgrace that would soil his spirit more than the dirt of any drudgery would his hand; wherever an incorruptible merchant refuses to conform to popular deceptions, at the risk of losing trade, or exercises as unsleeping a vigilance over every stroke of his pen, and every branch of every transaction, when no eye but God's looks down on his desk, as if the whole board of the public exchange were watching him, or scorns to take up subterfuges which commercial customs may wink at and excuse, and does it because God's eye is the guide of his life; wherever a righteous mechanic refuses to let down his performance to the variable standard of thoroughness or shabbiness extant in his class; wherever an honest statesman stands above his party, the moment his party cast their principles into a lottery, and will not put on the robe of office, so long as it hides in its folds the hypocrite's curse; wherever a consistent theologian keeps a conscience as well as a pulpit, and will not compromise his exhortations and prayers by the bigotry of a sect, or the reverence of a salary; wherever a self-commanding woman is greater than the extravagant edicts of the fashion-makers, and dares to be a rebel against wasteful and ambitious competitions or a society speaking polite lies; wherever young and joyous persons fear God too wisely, and venerate duty too sacredly, to scoff at religion, or laugh at temperance, or tolerate impure companions; under any tempting; wherever a disciple of Christ is not ashamed to own and praise that holy Lord, by whom only he has forgiveness, though unbelieving associates taunt and ridicule his constancy—there you behold "saints of the household of Cæsar," of Roman firmness but of Christian holiness, the true succession of immortal confessors to the truth, the moral Apostolical

lineage of Christ's untterrified witnesses and heirs of His kingdom.

Most of our knowledge of these old Roman Christians, comes by the way of the Catacombs — that subterranean passage reaching out many miles, from Rome to Ostia, stamped on all its walls, with the sculptured and pictured symbols of early Christian ideas, and the funeral inscriptions of the men that lived in, and died for them, preserving in the silent burial of fourteen hundred years, these traces of martyrs and confessors, but uncovered at last by the enterprise of discovery, and made to rehearse the lost history of the first struggles of our religion in the capital of the world. There you may read what it was to be a saint in the household, or even in the city of the Cæsars. You may see how prayers that could not be stifled, went up from caverns, with no doubts that they should find their way to the ear of God through the rocky roof, sooner than the shrieks and incense from the shining heathen temples above. There you will see how Providence, honoring humble instruments, as his method is, used the vulgar sand-diggers that excavated the Campagna, after they were converted to the new doctrine, to act as guides to their brethren of the young Church, providing a hiding-place for it in the scene of their former labors. You behold the long tiers, or alcoves of the graves of those, who, having died in faith, inherit the promises. No symbols of hateful passion, no tokens of revenge for the wrongs they smarted under, no wails of heathenish despair, no signs of bloody altars; but, instead, the tokens of peace, hope, and joy; pictures of love; legends of reconciliation; a monogram of the Saviour; a lamb; a branch of palm; a cross; some epitaph commemorating a "friend of all men," "an enemy of none," "one meek and lowly," those that "sleep in Jesus," or others "borne away by angels." Everywhere you see traces and proofs of that heavenly temper, that pure and

prayerful spirit, that disinterested and self-denying piety, that influence from on high, which you know, was never the product of the Roman nature, never caught from Roman philosophers, never fostered by the Roman armies, never ordained by Roman law, never inspired by Roman mythology — the gift of God, the Gospel of Christ, the heritage of his Church, the new creation, the *paliggenesia*, the regeneration of the Holy Spirit.

In the sixteenth century, the Catacombs, that formed both the church and the cemetery of the early Roman Christians, were thrown open to the light. Notice now the change that passes on the outward position of these sacred memorials. The monumental stones, the coverings of graves, the decaying bones even, are removed from their dark chambers, and lifted into the day. They are placed in royal collections of costly treasures; they are sent all over Europe as precious gifts to princes; they stand in honored niches in great museums of art; and, even on the splendid walls of the Vatican, travelers find these plain tablets, with their rude inscriptions scratched by unlettered gravers in the dark — with their badly-spelt epitaphs, simple as the Sermon on the Mount, — they find these ranged in showy publicity along vast galleries, besides the pompous eulogies and exquisite sculptures of more artificial days — relics of a troubled, lowly past, venerated, nay, worshiped now, by a prosperous and perverted present. The Church that hid underground in sackcloth and ashes, scourged by the Cæsars, has risen out of dens and caves, into the world's homage, conquered its enemies, and sits on Cæsar's throne.

Is there not a twofold change — one within exactly the reverse of that without — an increase of danger keeping pace with the increase of power? The change from outward poverty and inward strength, to material prosperity with spiritual starvation, is no

such progress as Christians can pray for. When one reads these simple and joyous words that were written in the Catacombs by the saints of Cæsar's time, he feels himself borne back into the fresh morning air of faith, into the original purity of Gospel life, among brave, upright, and steadfast souls, incapable of being shaken by imperial, commercial, political, or social intimidation, very near to the Divine Master who was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. Ascend from the humble Roman Church of the second century, into the arrogant pretensions and inconsistencies of our own, from the Christianity of the damp pit, where self-denial would rather face crucifixion than take all the bribes of comfort, up into the Christianity of the popular and outside appearance which satisfies so many to-day.

We have nothing to fear from caverns or palaces — from emperors or popes. Yet there is something to learn from the noble faith of believers that could lay down their life for Christ, and something to fear from the hollow sins of hypocrites who waste life for worldly welfare. Human nature is the same, though the great seats of power are shifted from the Tiber westward, and the currents of thought and habit flow in altered channels. We have our probation daily, amidst the conflicts, interests, exposures, enterprises of a New England community, not the wickedest on the planet, but wicked enough to need all our vigilance, purity, example, and prayers; and enough like Cæsar's household to make us aspire to be saints, righteous souls within it. But whatever we do, or fail to do, outside ourselves, be it our first care to save our own hearts from destruction. Within us lies an empire to be lost or redeemed. What personal relation each soul has with God, that is a question not to stand unsettled any longer. For over every passing moment impends the whole arch of eternity. The God who calls us to

regeneration, calls us to judgment. Cæsar may wear the crown, and saints bear the cross on earth; but into the household of heaven can enter nothing that is defiled, or maketh a lie, and "crowns of life" are only for the "faithful unto death."—*The Christian Repository.*

EDITOR OF "THE HOME:"

Feeling a deep interest in the objects of "THE HOME," I have often wished myself capable of expressing some thoughts on paper for publication in your esteemed periodical. Being anxious to promote the grand cause to which your paper is devoted, yet conscious of my inability to do full justice to any subject with my own pen, I venture to send you a couple of extracts from the writings of one of the ablest and most excellent Divines, and whose "praise is in all the churches" on both sides of the Atlantic. One of these extracts is designed for wives and mothers; the other for daughters. I trust they will not be deemed the less creditable to "THE HOME" from their not being *original*. The first was occasioned by an anonymous letter addressed to him, asking for instruction how to avoid or overcome the impatience and irritation frequently engendered by the perplexities of the nursery; and the hasty speech and angry action which must be a hindrance, not only to maternal influence, but to the efficacy of a mother's prayers. The other is from an address to young women on their deportment in the family.

SIGMA.

TO MOTHERS.

Respecting the writer of the anonymous letter, is the following: "She gives evidence that she is not disqualified for a mother's functions, so far as mental ability is concerned; but, perhaps, she and others in her situation, may have something yet to learn, and acquire as to temper and manner. It is evident she is in danger in these respects. The waywardness and freaks

of unamiable disposition in her children produce petulance and irritability, and lead, perhaps, too often on her part, to unseemly anger. A scold, a slap, or a shake, sometimes take the place of a mild but firm expostulation and calm correction. To her, and to all in her situation, we say, what you need, and what you must put forth all your constant and determined effort, and wrestling supplication with God, to obtain, is the complete subjugation of your temper. You *must* bring this under control. You must acquire forbearance, patience, and a calm serenity. It will cost you much trouble, and much prayer to attain it; but God's grace will be sufficient for you. I do not, of course, counsel you to seek after that apathetic, easy indifference, which lets the children take their own course, and for the sake of a little ease, throws up the reins of discipline. Still a mother must often have eyes, and not see; ears and not hear. A fussing and fidgety notice of every little thing that goes wrong in the temper of all the children, will keep her in perpetual misery. To all, then, who are in the situation of this mother, I again and again, with all possible emphasis say, subdue your irritability, and acquire a calm, patient, forbearing, loving, and serene mind. God will help you if you seek it. You must not think such a frame of mind unattainable, nor allow your provocations and temptations to be an apology for your little sallies of bad temper.

* * * * *

"I again say, let no mother despair of herself, because she does not possess high intellectual qualifications; the more of these there are, of course the better; but a temper under control—a patient, loving, forbearing disposition, a mild firmness, a gentle but constant maintenance of parental authority, a judicious administration of rewards and correction, will enable any woman to fill her place with efficiency."

TO YOUNG WOMEN AT HOME.

"The first thing—the great thing to be determined upon by the young woman at home, is to be a large contributor to the happiness of the domestic circle. You can not be a cipher in the house, nor sustain a negative character. You are a member of the little community, and the other members must be affected by your conduct. You are ever in the midst of them, and your actions, words, and very looks exert an influence upon them. Behold, then, your starting point in the career of home duties. Take up this resolution intelligently, deliberately, determinately: '*I will, by God's grace, do all I can to make my home happy to others, and thus comfortable to myself.*' Look at this resolution, revolve it, imprint it on your memory, heart, conscience. Is it not wise, virtuous, right? Does not reason, conscience, self-love approve it? Let it be a serious matter of consideration with you, and not merely a thought passing through the mind, and leaving no trace behind, but a deep, abiding, influential consideration. Have not your parents a right to expect it? Is it not the most reasonable thing in the world, that enjoying the protection and comforts of home, you should in return make home happy?"

"To diffuse happiness anywhere, is a blissful employment, but most of all, at home. To light up any countenances with joy, is, to a benevolent mind, a desirable thing; but most of all, the countenances of parents, and brothers, and sisters. Set out with the intense ambition to compel from the whole family circle, the testimony that it was a happy era in the domestic history when you came to reside permanently at home. Oh! to hear a mother say, 'Thy coming, my daughter, was as the settlement of a ministering angel among us—thy amenities of temper, thy constant efforts to please, thy sweet and gentle self-sacrificing disposition, have been a lamp in our dwelling, in the light

of which, we have all rejoiced! What a large accession, my beloved child, hast thou brought to our domestic felicity! Receive thy mother's thanks and blessing! A harder heart than yours, my young friends, might be moved by such a hope as this. Contemplate now the contrast to this, when the conduct of a daughter is such as to extort such a declaration as the following from sorrowing parents, 'We looked forward with pleasure and with hope, not altogether unmixed with anxiety, to the time when we should receive her back from school, to be our companion and comfort. How bitter is our disappointment! Her unamiable disposition, her regardlessness of our happiness, her restlessness in the family circle, her craving for any company but ours, are painfully obvious. It was, we regret to say it, a sad increase of our domestic trouble, when she became a permanent inmate of our house.' Sighs and tears follow this sad confession. Which of these shall be the case with you, my young friends? Can you hesitate?

"Having, then, made up your mind to be a comfort at home, you should, and will, of course, inquire into the means of accomplishing your purpose. These will, if the purpose be fixed, and the desire intense, almost without enumeration, suggest themselves. They who really want to make others happy, will find out their own means of doing so, and be ingenious in their devices to effectuate the end. Many things are difficult, and require deep thought; but not the study to please. If our heart be set upon it, we can diffuse bliss almost without effort or contrivance. From a heart fully possessed with a desire to make others happy, kind acts and offices will flow off like the ebullitions of a spring, or the streams of a fountain, without the labor of drawing or purifying the water."

"FIRESIDE MUSINGS."

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

THERE is sorrow and suffering all over this wide world of ours, and I know, and regret it; but neither are mine to-night. There are drunkard's homes, where woman mourns the absence, yet dreads the presence of one, who sometime vowed to cherish. Let the reformed portray the depth to which he sunk; mine is not the power. There is bloodshed and villainy, deceit and oppression, but I choose none of these for a theme. Nay! the time to portray with truthfulness these evils, is when we have felt their fearful power; so with the home-roof overhead, the home-fire burning bright, and the treasured "HOME" companion at my elbow, I will sing of "home," not the song of poetry, but the song of the heart—the love song which needs not measured words, nor far-fetched phrases, but is read in the beaming eye, and heard in the gentle tone.

Do I envy the president his power, or the king his pomp? Nay! there are hard thoughts of them among their own people; there is muttered rebellion at their backs; but the words which greet me, are those of love, and I fear no rivalry in the hearts which are bound to mine by that strong tie, "affection." But I will not be exclusive to-night. Much as I prize my own happy home, I will not say that there are none others to equal it. I know, and rejoice in the knowledge, that although at this hour, club-room, and bar-room, and store, may all have occupants who are searching for happiness in the wrong direction, yet there are many pleasant firesides, where the loved circle is unbroken; where words of anger are unheard, and those of admonition given and received in kindness.

And here I will say, that an unwillingness to be *told any thing*, embitters many a heart, and alienates the members of many a home. It is only the story of the "egg broken at the wrong

end" repeated. The youth of twenty owns how little he knew at fifteen, but he is sure he knows it all now. So the married man remembers discrepancies in youth, but he is wiser now, and knows too much to be taught by his wife, any way. "Well, my friend — I care not for your station, your wealth, or personal accomplishments; if you think you are too old to learn, yea, more, if you have not a desire to gather knowledge from all about you, and to make progress in physical, mental, and moral improvement, then you are not in the road to happiness." There is a rich man riding in his coach; his horses are gay and graceful, and the trappings on his carriage are of shining silver. He thinks he is happy! I think he is proud! and if he should meet a richer neighbor with horses six, and trappings of gold, his happiness would be envy and misery.

Then again, there are a class who are afraid of stepping out of their sphere. Deluded souls! they would help a friend in trouble, and labor hard for a neighbor, but they would feel insulted, if a wife should ask them to place the plates on the breakfast table, while she dressed the children. I don't know but I shall be censured for indulging in anger, but I always feel like pinching a man who is a *fix-ture* in a house; whose interests are all outside, and who feels that he has no part in the pleasant duty of making home bright and happy. He just reverses the true aim of life, for, next in importance to the securing an eternal home of happiness, is that of securing happy homes here; not by seeking wealth or fame, but by the cultivation of the understanding, the affections, and the graces; and, by grace, I mean not that which lifts the hat on the sidewalk, and bows the head to a partner in the dance, but that which does a kindness with ease, and receives information with pleasure.

Well, I have departed from my subject; I promised to write of happy

homes, and have written more of the opposite class. But I could not well give the receipt for the first, until some sources of our happiness were mentioned; now I will speak briefly of the happy home: The happy home of my liking, is that where love and philosophy are blended; that is, where affection binds the members together, while at the same time, the duties and responsibilities of life, are carefully weighed in their proper balance, and the fair sisters Mentality and Morality, receive their proper development, as well as their more physical brother.

I remember well, how in youthful days, I questioned in my own mind the utility (for the working class at least) of poring over the dead languages, or the higher mathematics. They told me it was to discipline the mind, but I did not understand it. Now I can see plainly that hardly one in a hundred, have had their minds so disciplined, that they can think clearly and connectedly for any length of time on a given subject. Their views, instead of aiming direct at the point like a rifle ball, go hitting around it, like the snow ball of schoolboys. The man who spends his leisure hours with his family, and, moreover, improves those hours to his own, and their profit and pleasure, is laying the foundation for like happy ones in the future; while he who seeks the public room to listen to idle stories, is wasting time, which is only lent him.

"When! when will the multitude learn what the few now know; that, although the body may wear away, until it returns to dust, the mind is immortal, and was given us to expand and improve by every honest means, so long as reason holds sway?" Some persons think happiness is nothing more nor less than a freedom from discomfort. A man who thinks thus, will, mayhap, come home at evening, eat a hearty meal, light his pipe, and befog his brain with its fumes for an hour, while at the same

time, he is distributing upon the stove that fluid which (minus the poison) was originally intended to assist in his own preservation.

I care not whether he calls himself happy or no, he is abusing himself, his wife, and still more, his Maker, by squandering time, by beclouding his brain and nervous system, and by being selfish in his enjoyment. But lest I should become personal, I will give a receipt for happiness, and close. First, be honest; and this I hold to be one of the most comprehensive words in our language. Be frank, generous, trustful, and charitable. Remember that angry words are a bad investment; that fretting is unworthy of you; that slander is a two-edged sword which cuts alike the wielder and defender. Remember, also, that but few who take a retrospective view of their lives, are content with the prospect, and seeing their error take higher ground. And lastly, (though whole pages of advice might be added,) when you have found by experience, that "the ways of wisdom are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," then call with trumpet tone on parents, brothers, companions, friends, to join you in that song, which has for its chorus, "onward and upward."

MY BIBLE.

THE Bible is a book of facts, as well authenticated as any heathen history; a book of miracles incontestably avouched; a book of prophecies confirmed by past, as well as present fulfillment; a book of poetry, pure, and natural, and elevated, even to inspiration; a book of morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the perfection of human happiness.

I will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mystery, and as far as in me lies, practice the mandates of this sacred volume, and should the ridicule of earth, and the

blasphemy of hell assail me, I shall console myself by the contemplation of those blessed spirits, who in the same holy cause have toiled, and shone, and suffered. In the goodly fellowship of the saints, in the noble army of the martyrs, in the society of the great, and good, and wise of every nation, if my darkness is illuminated, at least my pretensionless submission may be excused.

If I err with the luminaries I have chosen for my guides, I confess myself captivated by the loveliness of their aberration. If they err, it is in fields of light; if they aspire, it is at all events, a glorious daring, and rather than sink with infidelity into the dust, I am content to cheat myself with their visions of eternity. If it be nothing but a delusion, then I err with the disciples of philosophy and of virtue, with men who have drank deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught. I err with Bacon, the great confident of nature, fraught with all the learning of the past, and almost prescient of the future, yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance. I err with Milton, rising on an angel's wing to heaven, and like the bird of the morn soaring out of sight amid the music of his grateful piety. I err with Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source, whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its author. I err with Newton, whose star-like spirit shot athwart the darkness of the sphere too soon, to re-ascend to the home of his nativity.

With men like these, I shall remain in error, nor shall I desert those errors, even for the drunken death-bed of a Paine, or the delirious war-whoop of the surviving fiends, who would erect his altar on the ruins of Society. They will not believe in the prophets, in Moses, in the Apostles, in Christ; but they believe in Tom Paine, with no government but

confusion, and no creed but skepticism. I believe they would abjure the one if it became legitimate, and rebel against the other, if it were once established.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

LIFE is a permanent school. Each day gives us a new lesson, which, if learned rightly, will delight the fancy or charm the soul. There is no clouds, so dark but they may be pierced with the rays of untiring diligence; no grounds so hard but will give way when touched by the magic fingers of science. Into what dark, mysterious, and seemingly unexplored chasm, has thought wended her way, through the instrumentality of life's opportunities, to unfold these mysteries, and by the light of reason presented them for the world to gaze with admiration on their solution. Life is a great ocean in which to plunge, and drink, and be forever dry. Every drop glistens with a new thought, and every draught is sweeter than the first. The surging billows are ever telling us new tales of the treasures beneath their bosom. Language is not the only means of knowledge. Many are the lessons learned, when Dame Nature is our only teacher, and life the school. She offers us the cup, and bids us drink, telling us with a smile, that the fountain is infinite. The Ephemera that floats in the sunbeam but a single day, yet rejoices in its short life; the tiny flower that looks heavenward, grateful for one drop of refreshing dew; the beautiful birds that carol their praises in early morn, all bear to us lessons most valuable.

As we gaze into the starry heavens, where each twinkling star, ever shining, yet never losing its brilliancy, and learn that these are mighty suns, around which revolve systems of worlds;—then does the little thought come—all is mystery, knowledge is exhaustless, mind can labor and life

is the opportunity,—that we have only to arm ourselves with patience and industry, and the deepest hidden can be made plain.

He who gave man a mind capable of high intellectual development, signifies by its very existence, that it should be brought out to perfection. Let us then apply the acid of perseverance, and the iron bars of ignorance and superstition will separate before us, unfolding broad fields where new beauties will continually burst upon our vision.

BE CHEERFUL.

IF people generally knew what an advantage it was to be cheerful, says the *Albany Journal*, there would be fewer sour faces in the world, and less ill-temper. A man never gains any thing by exhibiting his annoyance in his face, much less by bursting into a passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield, like a child, pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self-control.

Happiness is much better distributed than money. It is one of those valuable productions which money can't buy. One of these mornings in walking to your place of business, you see one of the rich men of the day, who dwells in marble halls, and wears expensive clothing, and a gold watch, hurrying across the street to his place of business, with his brow puckered up like a bed quilt, lest he may accidentally lose the sale of his wares, or, perhaps, fail to see somebody whom he expected would pay up an old score. Then you meet the hod-carrier hurrying to his work, and singing Yankee Doodle, or whistling Dandy Jim, his head untroubled by a thought, and his pocket undisturbed by a dollar. Money will never bring happiness without a clear conscience; but a comfortable home, and agreeable society, will bring with it all the happiness that can be found on earth.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE OWE THE FUTURE.

IT is evident that we owe a constant and unavoidable debt to the future,—the future of our country, and of the world; and we propose to say a very few words upon our manner of acknowledging and discharging this debt. Perhaps the whole matter may be comprised in saying, that we owe to the future a wise and just use of the present; but we have very different, and, perhaps, very vague ideas of that which would be a wise and just use of the present. If we perform diligently and well our daily tasks, we are apt to think that we are making a right use of the present. But who has set us these daily tasks? Are they appointed to us by that Providence, which lays our work before us, by the clearest indications, if we will only accept it at His hands; or, have we chosen them ourselves from our own narrow and groveling views of life?

Whenever we spend our time in doing any thing which will render us, or our households, less fit for future duty, we are heaping up, instead of discharging our debt to the future. Whenever we fail to do any thing that it is in our power to do, to fit ourselves and our families for the more full and earnest accomplishment of the duties before us, we are failing to discharge our debt to the future. *We think* that the mother who spends time and labor in making mince-pies and dough-nuts for dyspeptic children, is running up an account with the future, which she will one of these days, find it impossible to discharge. We think, too, that the mother who allows her child's temper to get the better of her, until neither she nor its possessor has power to control it, is running up a debt with the future, compared with which, the debt of England is a mere trifle. And, moreover, we think that the father who spends his time, and care, and thought in laying up wealth for his children, while he pays no personal attention to their intellectual, moral, and religious culture, instead of amassing something of value for the coming time, is laying up a debt against the future, which all the wealth of the Indies

will never be able to discharge. Of what use will that wealth which the father is so wearily amassing, be to the child who knows neither how to get, nor how to use it?

Are not the gifts with which God has endowed the child, far more worthy of being coined into gold, than the dirty ore of the mine? "Poor," does the father say, and shudder at the thought of entailing upon his child the evils of poverty? Why, all the wealth in the world can entail no happiness on a barren spirit. Poverty is an evil, to be sure, and we believe in doing what one is able to provide against its approach, though both the Bible and the world's history teach us that it is a less evil than great wealth. But to bestow wealth upon those who have been suffered to grow up in such poverty of the mind and heart, as turns all earthly gold to dross, is the extreme of folly.

The father who does this, gives to his child that poorest of gifts of which Luther said: "To whom God can afford nothing else, to him he grants wealth." The great reformer said well. If he did not appreciate wealth, he did appreciate something better. But even if we can not appreciate this something better, it is a safer pecuniary investment—a surer discharge in money of the debt which we owe to the future of a child, to teach him to provide for himself—to cultivate in him those powers which will enable him to secure to himself the greatest amount of usefulness and happiness—than to give him that which his want of power to use wisely, will render like an open blade in a child's hands. A pecuniary view of this subject, though a far narrower one than the wise will take, is certainly not an unreasonable one, and is, in fact, the only one at which some people will look. A correspondent who interests himself in the well-being of humanity, sends us some remarks on this subject, which we will transcribe as they are given. He says:

"Show to parents the value of their children's time in dollars and cents, when devoted to study. The young man who has been robbed of the advantages for cultivating his mind in childhood and youth, and who is

now able to command with his trade from one to three dollars per day, finds it greatly to his advantage to exchange his tools for books, and master the common branches, even if he is in the full strength of middle life, for the uneducated are in constant danger of falling a prey to sharpers, who prowl about their paths like wolves, and subsist on ignorance and vice. The individual then, in mature manhood, whose sands of life are more than half-spent, and whose brain has already ceased to be very impressible, had better forego his three dollars per day, and learn his alphabet if he is ignorant of it. And yet, he can not accomplish nearly as much as his little child; and, besides, the child will enjoy the benefit of what he learns, for more than half a life longer than his parent, it may be presumed; and will be saved the mortification and losses inseparable from ignorance, and gain the gratification a cultivated mind always affords, as well as avoid the wrecks attendant upon ignorance. This shows that the child's time, if properly improved, is worth to him some six dollars per diem in cash, does it not? E. M. L."

"THE HOME."

We cut the following from one of our exchanges:

"In some respects, amid a host of Magazines, this one has not its superior, or even equal. The honorable pen of Mrs. Sigourney, in a private letter to the editor, pays the following deserved compliment:

"'Indeed, you have made an excellent book. I speak advisedly. Rejecting the trash, the aimless stories, and mawkish fashion-plates, which disgrace and degrade so many serials, you have steadily kept in view the duties and happiness of woman in her true sphere. For this I honor and praise you. It is pure patriotism.'

"One class of articles, however, admitted into its columns, such as "Ruling Wives," and the like, are so plainly unjust to woman, that we can not forbear giving our belief that their tendency where they have influence, is to render woman base and ignoble, and man unchristian. To call woman sovereign of home, and then treat her as a mindless, *rightless*, soulless slave, in that home, and

before her children, is a business that has been too long followed by an arbitrary power; and we pray that editors of our own sex may be more true and just to woman's rights. Man vaunts and is vaunted for his chivalry, and for his protection of woman. And no one *can* reverence too much that feeling in *every* noble soul that would shield from danger the defenseless. This heavenly nature is also woman's birthright, and we believe one of vital depth in her character. But we have often seen men, guests at a hospitable board, waited upon with the utmost courtesy by the hostess, a woman of sense, culture, and refinement, throw back upon her whole sex the most contemptuous sneers; hold up her capabilities for criticism, and then demolish the woman of straw their own mistaken fancy has created, with a zest that a barbarian might envy. And this is received with that much vaunted *submission* by the hostess—the protected, and with bland admiration by the host—the protector. How much worse is a blow on the head, than one on the heart?

"Let us suppose all the chapters about *submission* were omitted, and their place filled with illustrations of that golden rule, 'Do unto others, as ye would that they in like manner should do unto you,' or presentations of that 'charity that suffereth all things,' or episodes upon moral conduct, that would touch every conscience, and come home to the daily life of every human being. Would not man be more just and woman more noble?"

Very well, Mrs. B. . . ., we believe in the utterance of one's honest sentiments whatever they are, and are never afraid of discussion. There is a great deal of common sense yet in the world, although it is a quality that keeps quiet, while emptier things make a noise; and a candid discussion of those points on which we differ, will aid this quiet common sense in making its ultimate decision upon a much vexed question, and we believe that the vacillating pendulum of opinion, will settle at last, just at the point where we stand. Not where the world stands, for we are not satisfied with the present state of things, but we differ as to the point where a change should begin. However, there are pioneers needed in every

advance, and if their axes hew away some of the branches that we can not do without, they may serve to let in some light upon the time-sodden soil of opinion; and the branches will grow again readily enough. We believe that some of the changes to which you look, will yet be brought about, and if we do not live to see it, perhaps our children may. But, because we believe these things will come, shall we labor to bring them about? No; that's not our mission. But we will labor to prepare the highway for them, that they may be a good, and not an evil, when they do come.

In the meanwhile, we shall not quarrel with those who are pulling away at the temple of error, though they pull at it ever so madly. They will probably get the crazy old thing down in some fashion, and then, when they attempt to build a new one, this quiet, common sense of which we spoke, will step in as the architect. Those who hew the path through the wilderness, are not the builders. No human nature combines all qualifications. With regard to the article entitled "Ruling Wives" in our February number, the author is fully responsible in the expression of any opinion. We believe that a *Ruling Wife* is a disgrace to her sex, and that when a woman has told her husband when he is talking, "Be still," she has done that which she should blush for. No woman has a right to marry a man in whom she considers it a virtue to keep silence, and if she has chosen one whom she does not consider capable of speaking just enough, and to the point, it is her own fault, and she should bear the evil gracefully. It may be said that women do not choose their husbands, but we think they do. At least they ought — always premising that they choose to go without, unless they are enabled to choose a proper one. But there is another side to this subject of "Ruling Wives," and it is the one that is most liable to be kept out of sight. We believe that the man who commands his wife to keep silence when she is speaking, has done that which is a disgrace to himself and his whole household. With a better chance to choose, if he has chosen for his wife a woman, who can not, in his opinion, speak wisely and well. It is his own fault, and he certainly, should bear the evil gracefully.

If expostulation, on either hand, is needed, it should be done in private. It is a far less evil to bear with unwise speaking, than to degrade her, whom he has chosen to be mistress of his household, in the presence of those over whom she has authority. No *man* will do this. All *men* respect and honor both the name and work of woman. No one who has had a mother worthy of the name of mother, can fail to do this, unless possibly it might be one who has a father so unworthy of the name of father, as to crush the mother-life out. And even in such a case, we believe that the sympathies and convictions of the son would go with the mother, if she took the right ground. But we have said far more on this subject than we intended, and we have done.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We wish our correspondents who send us *weighty* communications, would see that the postage-stamps they put on, are enough to pay for the whole weight — at least, in cases where they are not sure their articles will be accepted. We do not like to pay postage for kindling-paper, as we are obliged to do sometimes. One correspondent complains that "THE HOME" and "CASKET" have been stopped, and says it can not be because he has not written, for we have a great deal of his manuscript on hand, that we have not published. That's true enough. We sometimes have articles that we value, crowded out for a longer space than we would like; but where articles lie over a year or two, it is apt to be the case that we do not intend to publish them. One of these communications referred to, tells repeatedly about a child who wished to be an "angle in heaven." We wonder which of the angles in heaven it was, that excited the child's especial admiration. Was it the Southern Triangle, or was it the great angle in the two dogs and Orion? We can not but say to all who ever wish to write — even a common letter — do learn to spell. What right have you to use the English language for the amusement or benefit of others, when you are not acquainted with it yourselves?

From those correspondents who are

awaiting a reply from us, we ask patience. We have not forgotten them. Many of their communications we have not yet found time to examine.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CHILLS.

To keep the skin in a healthy state, in cold and variable climates, we must prevent sudden chills, by warm and dry clothing at all times, but especially, at that age which is particularly obnoxious to the attacks of consumption and scrofula—that period in the female's life, which comprises the development of womanhood. During the earlier years of life—childhood and girlhood—care has probably been taken that the clothing was sufficiently dry and warm, and with respect to the feet, good, warm stockings have, or ought to have, maintained a proper temperature, while the neck and chest were protected from the vicissitudes of the weather by high clothing; thus preventing outward chillness, and inward congestion. But when the fair girl is entering into polished society, or coming out, as it is called, the father—sin—pride, causes an alteration in these matters—substitutes thin stockings for the substantial wollen ones hitherto worn, and, to add to the mischief, a tight dress and low corsage are adopted, as changeful fashion may order. The delicate being is further exposed to mischief, from great and sudden changes of temperature, passing, as she often must do, from the air of the heated ball-room, at once to the cold wind of hall or street. If parents thus sow the seeds of disease in their offspring, can we wonder that they reap the only fitting return, danger and death?

DR. JAMES.

FLOWER SEEDS.—Geo. F. Needham, florist and seedsman, Buffalo, puts up packages of flower and garden seeds for transmission, to all parts of the country. His seeds are neatly packed, and we know them to be *alive* and full of promise of beauty and comfort to those who remember the seed-time. No one can afford to be without flowers. Twenty va-

rieties of selected flower seeds, and sixteen of garden seeds for one dollar.

PROFESSOR HUDSON.

There are few of our readers, who have not been shocked by the account of the death of this excellent man, who was crushed beneath the cars near Cleveland, on the night of the first of April. He called upon us but a short time since, in all the strength of healthful, active manhood. Who could have thought that so terrible a doom was before him? But, however terrible may be the engine of destruction, it can never blot out the life of such a man. It may remove him from among us, but his life is with us still, and we acknowledge its presence. We copy some of the remarks made by the Rev. J. A. Thome at his funeral. He said:

"A living man has died. Of many who leave this world, this can not be said—they are dead while they live, and when they depart, they are but 'twice dead, and plucked up by the roots.' But Prof. Hudson was a living man. He was surcharged with animal vitality; he had a living, acquisitive, and glowing intellect; he had a living, ardent, sympathetic heart; and he had a living, earnest, devoted soul. He had various endowments, and manifold resources. There were remarkable contrasts in his nature, which none but intimate and discerning friends knew how to reconcile. He was stern as a Roman, but gentle as a woman. He had the conversatism of the Scholar, with the radicalism of the Reformer. He was the deep Thinker, and he was the earnest Doer.

"Mr. Thome firmly believed that the dispensation which had hurried this gifted champion of Righteousness away from the sphere of his labors, was wise and good, and not to be challenged; but aside from this confidence, he could not sufficiently deplore the termination of such a bright career of usefulness. Could another score of years have been allotted to the departed, what a splendid luminary he would have been in the moral world."